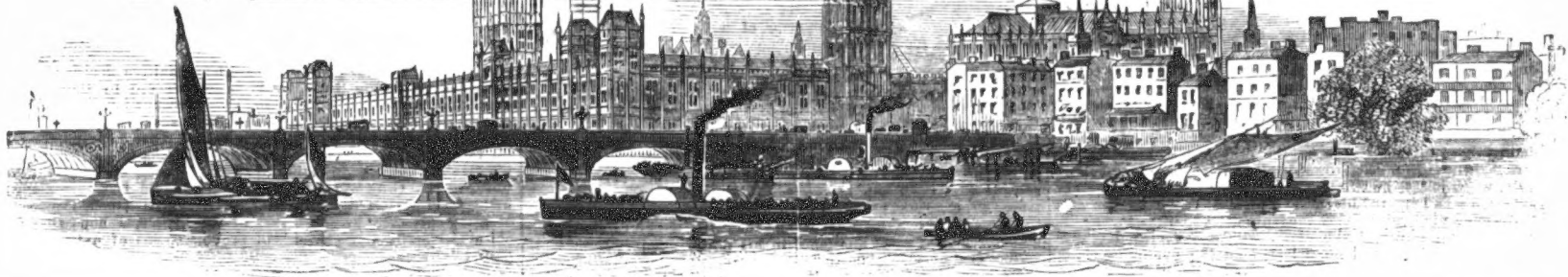


John Ock 0/13 Strand

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

## BEAR-HUNTING IN THE TYROL.

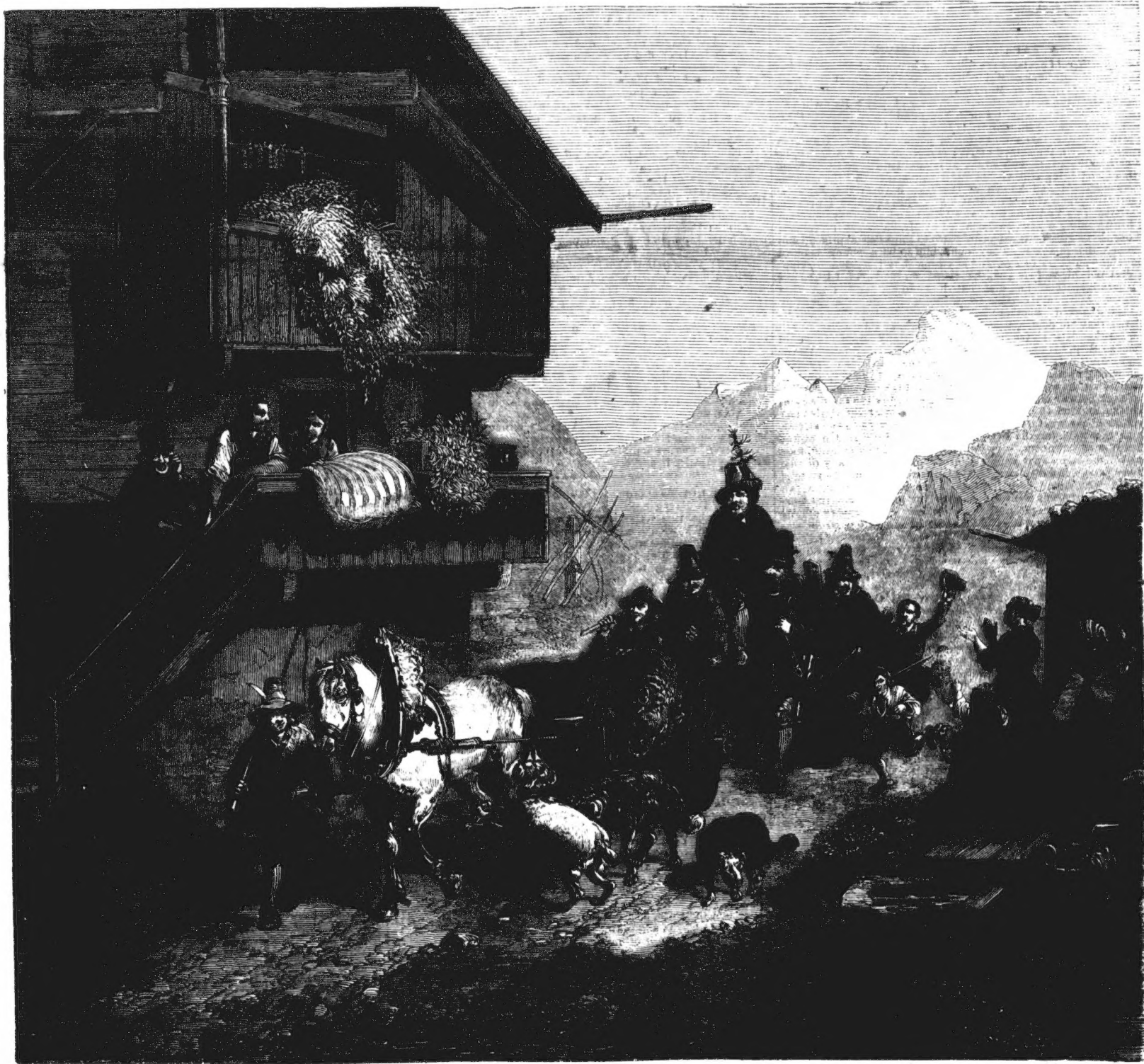
Russia is not the only country in Europe which boasts its bears. The mountain districts of the Tyrol are infested with these animals, as also with wolves and wild boars, to say nothing of those wilder brutes, marmots and chamois. Many of the mountaineers live by the chase, and therefore pursue it with uncommon ardour throughout nearly the whole year, and during the most severe weather.

A correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying sketch, thus describes a bear-hunt which he witnessed in the mountains of Tyrol:—

"Arriving at the market town of Ulten, I found the whole population in commotion. The drummers were beating the *rappel*, and people came rushing out of their houses—some armed with carbines, others with swords and bear-spears, and all dressed in holiday attire. I was wondering at all this bustle and excitement,

when I was informed that a party of hunters were going out to dislodge a neighbour who had of late become, not only very troublesome, but dangerous.

"In a narrow pass nearly at the top of the mountains which towers above Ulten, an immense bear had taken up his quarters. As long as he confined himself to this exalted hermitage, no one cared to trouble themselves about him. But as the spring set in, his appetite appeared to increase, and to appease it he learned to



RETURN FROM A BEAR HUNT IN THE TYROL.



make regular forays into the valleys. He was often observed to steal down the mountain sides of an evening, to enter the fields of growing corn or clover, and gathering in his paws a large bundle of his delicate 'green meat,' convey it to his haunt. At each visit his depredations were so extensive that it was determined at length to finish his career. An old chamols hunter was chosen by the party as their leader, and off they marched to the scene of action, I accompanying them. We commenced the ascent gently and quietly, fatiguing ourselves as little as possible and reserving all our strength and activity for the more important event of the day. On nearing the entrance to the pass in which the bear had ensconced himself, we separated into two parties. The one surrounded the bear's lair to beat him up, while the other (the more skilled marksmen) took a position at each entrance to the pass. Some concealed themselves behind the trunks of fallen trees; others crawled into the crevices of the rocks, taking care not to be widely separated, in case the enemy should make an assault. When all was ready, the first party, at a given signal, commenced bawling and whistling, for a long time continuing their exertions without causing the least disturbance to the bear. At length one of the men, accompanied by a mastiff, approached the den of the brute, who immediately rushed upon the intruders. Knocking the mastiff over with his paw, he hugged him till every bone in his body was broken. The man had fallen to the earth, perhaps from fright, or to simulate death, and so escape the crushing embrace of the monster. Brin now walked towards him, and commenced licking his body, when just as he was about to turn him over for further investigation a ball entered his ear, and prostrated him by the side of his intended victim, who now suddenly came to life. It was the old huntsman, the leader of the party, who had ventured to fire this daring shot. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' shouted the approving band, who rushed better-sheltered to the spot where lay the lifeless body of the poor beast. One measured his length—scrupulously—from his tail to his snout; another pulled asunder his immense jaws to admire and tremble at his grim tusks; while a third called general attention to the length of his paws and the girth of his body.

"Presently a four-wheeled chariot, drawn by a single horse, naively harnessed to one side of the pole, was brought up to the spot. The carcass of the bear was lifted on to it, and, forming in procession, we returned to Ulten in triumph. The old huntsman, whose hat they decorated with a sprig of rhododendron flower, was carried on the shoulders of two of the party; and as we passed through the villages, the people came out to receive us—the women waved their handkerchiefs, the men clapped their hands, and the children screamed and bawled with delight. The old huntsman did not seem to heed the hearty congratulations that were offered him. He had been the hero of a hundred such campaigns, and thought no more of them than I should think of rabbit-shooting."

#### A JAPANESE EXECUTION.

THE *Japan Herald* contains the following account of the execution of the second murderer of Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird:—

"On Saturday last her Majesty's minister received information from the Governor, that the second murderer of Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird had been taken in Yeddo, and had confessed his crime. The name of this culprit is Mamiya Hajime, and he is not the man who was taken on suspicion some time ago. He stated that he cut down the second officer; and when he was arrested, he had on him the sword with which he committed the murder—some of the blood being still visible upon the blade. All the circumstances confessed and known of the man confirm the Japanese authorities in their conviction that he is the veritable murderer. He arrived from Yeddo on Sunday evening, and yesterday morning, the British acting consul, accompanied by Mr. Satow, as interpreter, and one or two other gentlemen, went to the 'Tobee' prison, and examined the prisoner. They found him to be a young man, of about eighteen years of age, and anything but repulsive looking. He declared himself to be the actual murderer of Lieutenant Bird, stating that he first cut him down on the ground. On being asked whether he had premeditated the act, he declared that 'of course, it was in his nature, as a Japanese, to kill foreigners.' His statements differ materially from those of Shimodzu Seiji, his name even differing from that mentioned by the former culprit. It is possible, however, that Shimodzu may have given wrong names and erroneous information for the very purpose of misleading the authorities and screening his companion. About ten o'clock he was brought into Yokohama, tied in the same way as Shimodzu, and led through the principal streets of the settlement. The state of the weather was such that but few were in the streets, and as the time for the carrying out to effect this portion of the sentence was unknown, very few saw him. The execution took place on the same spot as his comrade's, but without any of that military parade and display which was then exhibited. In spite of the rain, which had been incessant since early morning, a fair number of Europeans went to the execution ground, and the murderer was brought up precisely at one o'clock. The Japanese officers were already there; but the British authorities, whose presence was necessary, did not arrive until fully half-an-hour after. The poor boy—for he was little more—had been dragged, and was quite, or apparently, unconscious. He was laid upon the ground, his legs covered with a mat, and his body supported in a half-sitting, half-reclining position, by two gables, who between them held an umbrella over him to keep off the rain. Only twice did he open his eyes and raise his head, and then only to stare vacantly, and immediately relapse into unconsciousness. When at length all the officials arrived and the time had come for his execution, he was aroused sufficiently to walk, with support to the spot where he was to meet for decapitation, but he was too unconscious to know how or where to place himself. And when he was blindfolded, which in his case was left undone until he had been put in position, three men were obliged to support his body to prevent its falling, and one to hold his head until the very moment before the blow was struck. The work was done by the old and well-known executioner, who walked about whilst the criminal was being prepared, laughing and appearing to exult over his work. His manner, and the unconscious helplessness of the victim, gave to this execution a repulsiveness far greater than that of Shimodzu—although the executioner on that occasion had to strike three times before the head fell, and this was covered in an instant. Immediately on the head falling it was seized, put into a mat, and carried, accompanied by a mounted Yakomin, to the place on this side of Yoshida Bashi, where it is to be exhibited for three days. A board is in front of it with his crimes and sentence written on it. And so ends this dreadful tragedy. We cannot hazard an opinion as to whether the youth who thus suffered is the real culprit or not. He declared he was, and gloried in the deed; and there we must leave it."

CORK LUGS.—PARIS AND LONDON PRIZE MEDALS.—GROSSMITH'S NEW ARTIFICIAL LUGS, with patent-action knee and ankle joints, enables the patient to walk, sit, or ride with ease and comfort, wherever amputated. It is much lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork leg, will last a lifetime, and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children can wear in safety. It was awarded the highest medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and was pronounced by the judges "superior to all others." Grossmith's Artificial Leg, Eye, and Hand Manufactory, 178, Fleet-street, Established, 1780. London Exhibition Prize Medal, 1861; Paris 1855; London, 1862; Dublin, 1855.—[Advertisement.]

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## Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, Dr. Lankester held an inquest at the Royal Oak, Hendon, on Louis Tilley, aged thirty-two, a schoolmaster. He was known to be depressed in spirits, arising, as it was believed, from being recently crossed in love and losing some money. On Tuesday night week he went into the Royal Oak, and called for a bottle of ale, and into each glass of which he was seen to put something from a phial. After drinking, deceased threw himself on a seat, and appeared to go to sleep, but soon afterwards he was found to be dead. The medical testimony showed that deceased had died from taking a large quantity of oil of bitter almonds. Verdict, "Temporary Insanity."

The city and county of Dublin were proclaimed on Sunday, to enable search to be made for arms, of which large quantities are thought to be hidden. The proclamation took effect on the 16th instant. "Two years' imprisonment is the penalty for disobeying the conditions of the proclamation."

On Monday, Dr. Lankester held an inquiry at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, relative to the death of Anne Turley, 58, Cromer-street. The deceased, aged 75 years, was about to cross Gray's-inn-road, at the corner of Cromer-street, and had just stepped off the kerb-stone, when she was knocked down by a van, both wheels of which passed over her. The medical evidence showed that the death of the deceased must have been instantaneous. Evidence having been given that the driver did not see the deceased before the accident, and that after it he at once pulled up and rendered every assistance in his power, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

An inquest was held on Monday regarding the death of Mr. Charles Hawkins, of Crosby Hall, who was killed by falling from the top of an omnibus belonging to the London General Omnibus Company. It was proved that Mr. Hawkins was very stout and heavy, and that the iron rail at the end of the seat on which he sat was insufficient, and gave way with him when he was descending from the omnibus. The jury returned a verdict "That death was caused accidentally, through injuries received in falling from the seat of the omnibus, and added that the injuries were caused by the insufficient construction of the said seat."

#### SCENE UPON A SCAFFOLD.

THE *Rochester (America) Union* of December 23 contained a report of the execution of Wilson, the murderer of the Hon. Burn Burton. The execution took place outside the gaol of Genesee, Livingston County, and was remarkable for the extraordinary imperturbability of the culprit. Wilson harangued the crowd for some time, but his remarks were occasionally interrupted by a man named Sherman, described by the reporter as "under the influence of liquor," and who was freely chaffed by Wilson in return. At this point the reporter proceeds:—

"The sheriff and his assistants then removed the handcuffs, pinioned the arms, adjusted the halter, put on the black cap, and the culprit stood ready to be launched into eternity."

Here the man Sherman began to exhibit some uneasiness, which Wilson noticed, as he kept his eyes upon him; and Wilson remarked:—

"That fellow wants to show off. I don't believe he has the courage he pretends to."

Here some of the deputies stepped forward and bade Wilson good-bye, and he expressed himself satisfied with their treatment. His counsel and the chaplain shook his hand.

Sheriff: Wilson, you have but four more minutes to live.

Wilson: I'm no way particular about the time. It's not much consolation to me to be kept standing here in the cold three or four minutes. I had as lief go now as any time.

Sheriff: Very well, if that is your desire.

Wilson looked up to a window of the gaol where some ladies were seated, and smiled. The sheriff drew the black cap over his face. He stood quite firm, though he appeared to be somewhat affected by the cold.

Sheriff: Wilson, your time is up.

Wilson: Go ahead!

The weight dropped, and the miserable culprit was raised from earth steadily in the air, and hung about three feet from the ground. The halter had taken a firm grasp, and his deep indentation soon put an end to life. The surgeons in attendance examined his pulse from time to time, and soon reported that he was quite dead.

The spectators waited patiently for the announcement, and all looked upon the scene without sympathetic emotion. When the dying man was so indifferent, so callous, there was nothing to kindle sympathy in any bosom.

A SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—It is an old, and no less a trite saying that truth is stranger than fiction, and the maxim was illustrated by a somewhat ill-assorted marriage which took place on Thursday last between a widow, who has seen nearly three score summers, and a stippling of about twenty-four. The lady, who resides in a fashionable suburb at the south end of Liverpool, is a widow of highly respectable connexions, and has nine children, most of whom have arrived at the age of maturity. As we have already stated, Thursday last was fixed upon for the nuptials, but about half an hour before the time when the parties were to repair to church, a hearse, containing a coffin, together with three mourning coaches, were driven up to the lady's residence. A knock at the door was answered, when the parties in charge of the hearse proceeded to deliver the coffin, which they stated was for the dead body of Mrs. —.

They were, however, informed that she was not dead, and the appearance of Mrs. — herself, who was then dressing, in order to proceed to church for the wedding, testified to the fact that she was neither dead nor in *articulo mortis*. The parties, however, demanded the charges, amounting to £25, and, as a disagreeable crowd was collecting, the money was paid, and the coffin having been replaced in the hearse, the sombre conveyance moved off. In less than half an hour after their departure a train of gaily decorated wedding carriages were driven up to the door, and the supposed dead widow was driven off to church, in company with the jovial bridegroom, where the marriage ceremony was performed, in spite of the obstacles which had been offered by the young members of the bride's family.—*Liverpool Albion*.

PRIDESTRIAN FEAT.—A shoemaker, named Henry Lilly, living in Jubbergate, York, some time since matched himself for 50L with David Brown, horse-dealer, to walk the distance from York to London and back (398 miles) in twelve consecutive days. This match commenced on the Tadcaster-road on the 1st inst, and terminated in favour of Lilly on the evening of Thursday week. The number of miles walked each day was as follows:—First day, 42; second and third, 38 each; fourth and fifth, 36 each; sixth, 34; seventh, 30; eighth and ninth, 34 each; tenth, 30; and eleventh, 26. The total number of miles walked was thus 378, or twenty miles less than the distance stipulated, but as Lilly had daily, in accordance with a certain condition of the match, over-walked the above distances by at least a mile and a half, the baker of time ordered the stakes to be handed over to Lilly, and the task to cease, it being his conviction that, whilst everything had been fairly accomplished thus far, Lilly could have performed his twelve days' task with ease.

EXCLUSIVE! EXCLUSIVE! FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

## Foreign News.

### FRANCE.

According to letters received at Paris from Madrid, intelligence has reached that city asserting that Admiral Pareja, commander of the Spanish squadron off the Obili-n coast, had committed suicide.

### PRUSSIA.

The session of the Prussian Chambers was opened in the White Saloon of the royal palace on Monday by Count Bismark, who read the speech from the throne.

The King announced that Bills will be brought in settling the budget, and asking for the supplies requisite for the unchanged maintenance of the military reorganization and the increase of the navy. The finances of the kingdom are in a favourable condition. The relations of Prussia with foreign Powers are satisfactory and friendly.

The royal speech continues:—"The definitive decision of the future of Schleswig-Holstein has been reserved by the Gastein convention for further negotiation. By the occupation of Schleswig, and by her position in Holstein, Prussia has acquired a sufficient guarantee that the decision can only be in a sense corresponding to the interests of Germany and the claims of Prussia. Resting upon my own conviction, strengthened by the opinion of the legal advisers of the Crown, I am determined to hold fast this pledge, under all circumstances, until the desired end is attained. Conscious of being sustained by the assent of the people, I hope that the object striven for and gained will prove a point of union for all parties."

### ROME.

On New Year's-day a most unpleasant scene was enacted in the Vatican. After having offered his congratulations to the Pope, Baron Meyendorff, the Russian Minister, began to talk politics to his holiness, and at last he roundly asserted that in Poland Roman Catholicism and revolution were synonymous. To this insult the Pope calmly replied, "Though I respect the Emperor of Russia as a monarch, I am necessitated to request his envoy to withdraw from my presence." Baron Meyendorff quitted the room, and Cardinal Antonelli lost no time in requesting Count Mensdorff to make known what had occurred to the Russian Government.

### PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S "RECEPTION" ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE New York papers contain long accounts of the President's reception on New Year's Day. It was a subject of comment that at the reception none of the diplomatic corps recognised or spoke to the Mexican minister, evidently not recognising him as a representative from any Government. Signor Romero was cordially received by President Johnson, but remained only a few moments in the reception-room, leaving some time before the departure of the other ministers. The scene that followed is thus described:—

"The diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, the army and navy officers having taken their departure, President Johnson nerved himself for a friendly muscular struggle with the vigorous *bourgeoisie*. Police-men were stationed along the route to and from the blue-room. United States Marshal Gooding and Colonel O'Beirre took up their positions near the President, and the joyous well-wishing populace were admitted, keeping step to the incompressible music of Taunhauser, carefully rendered by the Marine band. The lively young ladies from East Tennessee were in a state of most interesting expectation. Mrs. Stover and Mrs. Patterson rose and smiled cheerfully, while the President's face beamed those sunlit gravings which represent him as a man with no mirth in his composition. All classes approached at the rate of about thirty per minute, and enjoyed the inestimable privilege of looking at their great friend in the face and shaking him by the hand. Both the Presidential hands were steadily employed for a time, and their owner had a pleasant smile and a good word for each comer. His affectionate, simple greeting to the children in the throng was particularly noticeable, and was remarked by all. Big-hearted people afterwards remarked, as they gossiped in the East Room, that the President's success in putting little people at their ease was a sure indication of his excellence as a man. Nearly four thousand citizens paid their respects to the President before the reception hour expired. After two o'clock a large number of coloured citizens were admitted to the congratulatory circle, as their white brothers had been before them. This was the first time in the annals of the republic, and there appears to be no reason why it should not be repeated. Their hearty good wishes for the President's welfare, their 'God bless you's' and invocations for a happy New Year and many returns were audibly and respectfully expressed, and plentiful enough to set Mr. Johnson up with a stock of benedictions to last until another reception."

At night, we are not surprised to learn, the President was much fatigued, his hand and arm being badly swollen from much shaking. The coloured people on being admitted manifested their gratification in a demonstrative manner. Most of them mistook Marshal Gooding for the President, and passed on after shaking hands with him. A great many shook hands with every one they could reach in the reception room with a ludicrous air of bewilderment.

### SHOCKING MURDER NEAR LANCASTER.

A MURDER of a woman, aged twenty-one, under circumstances of great atrocity, has been committed, near Lancaster. The unfortunate victim is Elizabeth Nelson, a housemaid in the service of C. L. Whitley, Esq., Richmond House, Skerton, about a mile from the above town. It appears that about half-past five o'clock on Thursday evening week she left her master's house to go to Lancaster, on her own account. She called at a friend's house in the town shortly after six, but declined to sit down, on the ground that she was in a hurry. From that time until nine on the Friday morning all tidings of her were lost. She was then found lying dead in a narrow lane, about 200 yards from the turnpike road, between Galgate and Lancaster. The body was partially covered with snow, and the face much disfigured with blood, and considerably swollen. Her dress pocket was turned inside out, and a set of false teeth lay near the head. She had no bonnet or shawl on; and around her neck a pocket handkerchief was tightly tied. Her bonnet and shawl were crushed under the body. There were no footprints visible in the snow, and from the fact that the ground beneath the body was dry and hard, it is clear that she got there before the snowfall of the Thursday evening. The body was conveyed to the county police to the Boot and Shoe Inn, Scotforth, to await a coroner's inquest, which was opened on Saturday afternoon. Dr. Hall, of Lancaster, who made a post mortem examination, stated that the front part of the body and legs was extensively covered with small bruises. Great pressure, as if by a man's thumb, had also been applied to the throat, and the thyroid cartilage was broken. There was no doubt, he added, that death had been caused by strangulation, thorough pressure being extensively applied to the larynx. Death was also accelerated by blows which had been inflicted on the head. The coroner said it was clear that the poor woman had been violated and then murdered. In order to give the police opportunity for making further inquiries, he proposed to adjourn the inquest *sine die*, which was accordingly done.

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brass button, by inserting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 482, New Oxford-street, W.C.—[Advertisement.]



## HORRIBLE MURDER AT LANDPORT.

On Friday week, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, it was discovered that a most foul and deliberate murder had been committed at No. 2, Caledonia-place, Hereford-street, Landport. At the house above named lived a female of loose character named Caroline Simmonds, who passed as the wife of a sailor named Shoreland, now serving on board the Victoria, on a foreign station. She is represented by her neighbours as a quiet, inoffensive character, and it is said few would have suspected her mode of life. She resided alone, and about eleven o'clock on the Thursday night a Mrs. Hoare, who resides at No. 1, Caledonia-place, saw "Mrs. Shoreland" standing at her own door. She wished her good night, and went to bed, seeing nothing more of the deceased.

Between two and three o'clock on the Friday morning a neighbour on the other side was awoke by hearing a noise as of quarrelling between a male and female. There was a cry of "Murder!" and the exclamation "Oh!" was repeated several times. All then became quiet, but the noise was repeated a second time, then all became still, and about half-past two o'clock the same neighbour heard a man let himself out of the house and walk a short distance. He then returned, tried the handle of the door of deceased's house, and rapped softly with his knuckles. No response was made, and the man went away a second time and did not return. All this time the neighbour in question, although hearing the cry of distress, did not attempt to ascertain the cause of the suspicious noises he had heard, and consequently the neighbourhood remained undisturbed and the man got clear off.

Later in the day, it being found that knocking was of no avail, the door was burst open, and on entering the house a horrible sight presented itself. The body of Simmonds was found stretched on the floor in the first room, and weltering in a large pool of blood, which had flowed from her head and mouth. She was dead and cold, and life had apparently been extinct for hours.

Benjamin Eve, armourer, of her Majesty's ship Excellent, aged only twenty-three years, has been arrested on suspicion. He has quite a boyish appearance, and his features present nothing of that stolid brutal expression which is commonly attributed to persons guilty of murder. On the contrary, his countenance is mild, and rather prepossessing than repulsive. When first apprehended on board the Excellent, the prisoner betrayed considerable nervousness, but soon recovered his self-possession. The prisoner was placed at the bar of the police-court for examination. He looked very pale, but was calm and self-possessed throughout the inquiry that ensued.

The first witness examined was Detective-sergeant Poole, who stated when he entered deceased's house she was lying on the floor in the front room. Her head was near the front door, and her feet were towards the door that led into another room. There is no passage—the house door opens to the street. We found two earrings—one on each side of the deceased's head—on the floor. They were not in her ears. The head was in a pool of blood, and inclined to the right. The face was much bruised, the eyes swollen, and also the nose and mouth. The eyes were closed, being swollen up. Deceased's bonnet was lying near her right arm "crumpled up." She had on all her clothes, but they were thrown up over her, but not so high as her face. The body was quite stiff, and the legs and arms were "crooked." The frock pocket was turned inside out, and a purse was lying close to the body. From information afterwards received, Compton and himself went on board H.M.S. Excellent, and the prisoner was brought by the master-at-arms into one of the ship's cabins. On being accused he said, "I know nothing of any murder." I then showed him the photographic likeness of the deceased, which I had found in her house. I said, "That is the likeness of the woman I am speaking about." Prisoner then said, "I think I saw that woman last night." I then asked for his bag, and it was brought to me. I searched it, and found in it a blue serge shirt. We found some blood and human hair on the sleeve, down at the cuff. I noticed a mark on the knee of the trousers the prisoner had on. It was the left knee. I directed him to take the trousers off, and he did so. On my examining them, I found a quantity of blood on the knee. I also examined a blue check cotton shirt prisoner had on, and found blood on a sleeve at the wrist. To-day (Saturday) Compton and myself went on board the Excellent, and on searching the armourer's shop on board the Calcutta (which is connected with the Excellent by a bridge) we found a sailor's white frock (produced) under the bench. It was marked on the tail, "B. Eve." On the left sleeve, near the cuff, there were two large spots of blood, and there was blood also on the right cuff. (The prisoner here became perceptibly agitated, and changed colour several times. He, however, soon recovered his self-possession, and became outwardly calm.) The shirt was stuffed under the bench, so that it was hid away. Compton also found a little piece of rag near the shirt, which also had marks of blood upon it. There was blood on the floor in deceased's house, and I believe it had flowed from her head and mouth. We found no instrument with which the murder might have been committed. There was a shovel and a pair of tongs in the room, but no poker. There was a poker in the kitchen, which might have belonged to the shovel and tongs.

Prisoner said he lent the white frock to one of his shipmates on Friday morning.

John James Orley deposed: I keep the Gladstone Tavern, Arundel-street. I know the prisoner. He and a shipmate came to my house about five minutes past twelve on Thursday night, in company with two women. The shipmate's name, I believe, was Flowers. One of the women was Caroline Simmonds. The other woman was called Ellen. They asked me to let them have half a pint of ginger brandy. I drew it for them, and it was drunk between them. Altogether they had four half-pints of ginger brandy, but one was upset. The men were rather the worse for drink; the women were quite sober. They all left my house at five minutes past one. I went across the street with Eve. The men were drunk and quarrelsome when they left, and I had a great deal of trouble to get rid of them. The prisoner was not so drunk but that he could count his change. The prisoner and his shipmate quarrelled about what they had spent, and the deceased got between them to prevent them fighting. The prisoner knocked her down twice. The blows did not seem to hurt her—more like pushes than blows. Flowers and the prisoner fought together, but I soon parted them. Flowers did not push her down. There was no quarrel between Flowers and the deceased. The prisoner said to the deceased, "If you do not call me to-morrow by half-past six, I'll break your back—neck for you." Deceased made no reply. They appeared to be very good friends when they went away. I had never seen prisoner with her before. The deceased took hold of one of prisoner's arms, and I took hold of the other. We led him across the street, because he was so very drunk. The prisoner and deceased went towards her home in Hereford-street. Deceased had hold of his arm, and they walked along together. The other two went up Church-path. The deceased was not drunk. I did not want to draw them any. I was just going to bed, and they asked me to draw them one half-pint. It was about ten minutes past one o'clock when they left my house. Prisoner said for the drink with half a sovereign, and said he had plenty more of them. He asked me to take charge of his purse, and I refused. The purse seemed full of money. The deceased put the silver change into the prisoner's purse, and he said "That's right," and put the purse in his pocket.

At the request of the police, the accused was remanded.

## CONVICTION OF A FRENCH MURDERER.

PONCET, the murderer of M. Laverne, was on Monday found "Guilty" at Versailles, and condemned to death. Poncet, a gaol bird from his earliest youth, the son of a mother who made his father a "cuckold," and which father murdered a man for using the opprobrious word, was a man who having been sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour, escaped. It was from Cayenne that he escaped, and he served for a short time in the United States army. His only way of accounting for the large sum of money found upon him, and his reckless expenditure after the date of the murder, was, that the United States in time of war paid very dear for soldiers and gave large extra premiums to French soldiers. This line of argument had no force against evidence proving that Poncet, having succeeded in a journey from London to Paris in getting upon speaking terms with M. Laverne, a man seventy-eight years old, at one time governor of the Mauritius, contrived to make himself a sort of friend and comrade before they got to Paris. It is in a certain measure consolatory to think that old men of good morals, who travel alone (or only with a valet, for M. Laverne had a black servant with him), are not therefore especially liable to be murdered by such men as Poncet. M. Laverne, when past seventy, married a girl of eighteen, from whom he was soon separated. It is a melancholy fact that the lever used by Poncet to get hold of him was an offer to introduce him to houses of ill-fame. It was to a house of this kind at Courbevoie that Poncet took his despatch victim on the way to the secluded spot near Argenteuil, where he murdered him. Poncet's audacity in showing about the valuable gold repeater watch which he took from M. Laverne, and boasting of the English gold which he strewed about recklessly in places of public entertainment, giving a pound where he only owed a shilling, and asking for no change, furnished the only argument which his counsel, reduced to desperate straits, could use in his defence. M. Leon de Barthélemy submitted to the jury that if Poncet had stolen M. Laverne's watch, and robbed him of his money, he would not have furnished such means of convicting himself. The jury, however, believed, in common with the experience of mankind, that in the face of overwhelming evidence of the commission of a great crime conjectures as to the probable conduct of a criminal are quite beside the mark, and that foolish expenditure of money is no argument at all that it was honestly come by. Poncet's guilt was beyond all doubt. He was a desperate, bad man, such as, happily for humanity, there are few samples of. With all his wickedness he had a courage and resolution to endure pain for an object which in a virtuous character would be worthy of admiration. When a prisoner at Gallien he was ordered, for some breach of prison rules, to kneel down for several hours in sight of his fellow prisoners. On getting up he told the gaoler that he would never do that again. The gaoler replied that he would never fall, if he deserved it, to sentence him to a like punishment. The next time that Poncet infringed the rules he deliberately knocked his knees against an iron bar, and after wounding them frightfully, pulled up his trousers and said triumphantly to the gaoler, "Will you now dare to put me upon my knees?" He gained his point, of course.

JUSTICE IN FRANCE.—M. Omer, a well-known actor in the theatres of the Boulevard, publishes a letter addressed by him to the Minister of Justice, showing the difficulties he had to encounter in obtaining reparation, either by a public apology or by a judicial decision, for a personal assault committed on him by a military officer. On the 22nd of November, while standing under the vestibule of the Gymnase Theatre, he was struck violently in the face by a person quite unknown to him, and to whom he had given no provocation whatever. The aggressor was arrested by the bystanders, and proved to be Captain Haillet, an officer of the staff. M. Omer first endeavoured to obtain military justice, but in reply to an application to the marshal commanding the division in which Paris is comprised was informed that the complaint was not within the competency of the army tribunals, and must be prosecuted before the civil authority. M. Omer then applied to the Tribunal of Correctional Police, but with a like result; the Procureur-Imperial declared that the court of police was incompetent, and refused to grant the summons demanded. The victim of the outrage, finding reparation denied him on all sides, has now addressed the Minister of Justice directly, and in his letter to that functionary asks whether, to obtain a fitting satisfaction, his only alternative is to commit a punishable offence or a dishonourable action—the former by fighting a duel, the latter by accepting a compensation in money.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

ALLEGED ROBBERY OF £878 FROM A POST-RUNNER.—On Thursday no little excitement was caused by the rapid spread of a rumour that the post-runner between Tarland and Aboyne, in Aberdeenshire, had been set upon in the morning by several ruffians and robbed of the mail-bag containing £900. All kinds of stories as to the robbery were current in the early portion of the day. The postman was said to have sustained severe injuries, to have been stabbed in the breast with a knife, and to be almost unable to give any account of the circumstances beyond the mere fact of the theft. On inquiry, however, these accounts of the affair proved to be baseless, though the loss of the money was ascertained beyond a doubt. Tarland is about seven miles from Aboyne, the road being of the most lonesome and dreary character. The post-runner, James McConnach, leaves the former place every week-day morning at six o'clock, to catch the first train from Aboyne for Aberdeen. It appears that he left on Thursday morning as usual, the mail-bag then entrusted to his care containing, besides the ordinary correspondence and newspapers, a packet of bank-notes to the amount of £878. The packet, it is said, was addressed to one of the banks in Aberdeen; and, as rumour has it, this method of transmitting such valuable parcels is of not unfrequent occurrence in this and other similar country districts. Nothing has transpired to show that the post-runner or any unofficial person knew of the presence of the bank-notes in the mail-bag; but it appears that instead of getting safely to Aboyne with his charge, McConnach returned to Tarland post-office about seven o'clock, and told the post-master there (Mr. James Grant) that the bag had been forcibly taken from him when he was a mile distant from the village. His story is said to have been that a strange man, of whom he gave but a very imperfect description, attacked him at the place mentioned; that he was thrown down, the mail-bag forced out of his possession, and cut open with a knife, and that the robber, after looking over its contents, had thrown it down on the road and run off. The bag, on being examined at Tarland, was found to want the packet containing the notes. McConnach is in custody; but it is stated that he had discharged the duties of post-runner for the last thirty years, and has always been considered a strictly honest and trustworthy person. It was announced on Friday that the district constable, named Milne, was taken into custody, but no trace of the notes had been obtained.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

ANOTHER OF PRITCHARD'S VICTIMS.—A correspondent writes:—"Mr. Campbell, druggist, Sauchiehall-street, Glasgow, died a few days ago, it is said, from the effects of the recent Pritchard trial. It will be remembered that he was examined as to the quantity of antimony he sold to Pritchard, when he stated that he was surprised at the large amount the doctor used in his practice. An employee of Messrs. Duncan and Flockhart, again, stated that he saw nothing unusual in the quantity he sold to Pritchard. The apparent discrepancy—explained by the fact that the one was in retail and the other in the wholesale trade—it is said, had such an effect upon Mr. Campbell that his friends attribute his death to this cause."—*Edinburgh Evening Courier.*

## General News.

MR. H. FENWICK, M.P. for Sunderland, has accepted the office of Lord of the Admiralty, vacant by the appointment of Mr. Oslanders as financial secretary of the Treasury. We have reason to believe that it was the intention of Lord Palmerston to request Mr. Fenwick's acceptance of this office.

MR. GLADSTONE, as leader of the House of Commons, has issued his circular to the members who sit on the ministerial side of the house:—"Carlton-house-terrace, Jan. 11, 1866.—Sir,—I take the liberty of informing you that the 1st of February has been fixed for the meeting of parliament. On that day the House of Commons will proceed to the choice of a Speaker, and the Address in answer to the Speech from the throne will be moved on the 6th. I hope it may be consistent with your convenience to attend on those days. —I have the honour to be, your obedient servant, —W. E. GLADSTONE."

On Thursday, says the *Irish Times*, Lieutenant Caulfield, of her Majesty's 3rd Buffs, was found dead in his chair. He was a near relative of the Earl of Claremont, and was only twenty-two years of age. His father is the estimable rector of Clane. Lieutenant Caulfield was to have been a witness at a court-martial on Friday. The painful and melancholy interest of the countenance is increased by the fact that a sister of the lamented officer was recently drowned by accident whilst boating in the river Liffey.

We have reason to believe that an official communication has been received from M. D. Hill, Esq., the Recorder, conveying an intimation that a petition, praying the Queen to relieve him from the reordership of Birmingham has been duly delivered to the Secretary of State for the Home Department.—*Birmingham Post.*

The convict Jamieson, lying under sentence of death in Glasgow Prison, for the murder of a woman in a public-house in the High-street of Glasgow in September last, has been respited 'until further signification of her Majesty's pleasure.'

QUEEN VICTORIA has presented Prince William, the eldest son of the Princess Royal, with a silver statuette of the late Prince Consort, three feet in height. The Prince is represented as "a hero conquering sin," arrayed in golden coat of mail, and carrying the Christian banner aloft in his right hand. On the pedestal are engraved several legends in Biblical language, said to have been composed by Mrs. Prothero, of Whippingham, near Osborne.

## THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

THE works at the Thames Embankment are being forwarded as rapidly as possible. The busy scene given in our sketch on page 501 is proceeding night and day. The iron caissons near Hungerford are all fixed, thus enabling the workmen to commence operations on the granite wall, which is now steadily and perceptibly advancing.

## EMBARKATION OF TROOPS FOR IRELAND.

ELSEWHERE we have given further particulars of the Fenian movement in different quarters. The engraving on page 501 represents a scene of the late hurried embarkation of troops for Ireland.

## THE LATE SNOW-STORM.

On page 500, we give two sketches of scenes in the late snow-storm. Full details of the stoppage of the railway traffic, in consequence of the depth of the snow, have already been given, as also the particulars of the violence of the storm in the Highlands districts of Scotland.

A CONVICT'S HOAX.—The *Tonion* journals relate the following singular hoax:—"During the recent epidemic of the cholera, a convict at the Bagne, apparently in the last stage of disease, declared to a gaoler, under a promise of secrecy, that he had concealed in an abandoned quarry in the department of the Isere, a sum of 15,000*fr.* (£600), the produce of a robbery at Grenoble, and offered that sum to the latter on condition that he should pay some few legacies written down on a piece of dirty paper, which also contained a plan of the spot where the treasure was concealed. The convict then appeared to grow worse, and presently fell back motionless, and the turnkey, imagining that he was dead, covered his face and gave him up to the hospital attendants. His next act was to ask for leave of absence with the intention of going to secure the sum so unexpectedly made over to him, but his request having been refused, he deserted and set out, hoping to reach the spot described on foot. However, on arriving at Marseilles, his resources were exhausted, and he himself worn out with fatigue. He was consequently obliged to seek a confederate, and having excited the cupidity of the proprietor of a small inn at which he had alighted, they came to an agreement that the landlord should pay the expenses of the journey on condition of receiving one half the sum about to be dug up. On reaching the spot indicated, the men saw they had been victims of a hoax, and on returning to Marseilles the gaoler found himself arrested for desertion. He then learnt that the convict was not only still alive, but had three times before duped persons in nearly the same way. His object, however, in so acting does not appear clear."

FATAL LIFE-BOAT ACCIDENT.—At noon on Saturday a frightful accident occurred at Gorleston, a village near Yarmouth, by which twelve experienced boatmen have perished. In the forenoon a vessel, with a signal of distress, was observed to be running northward through the Roads, and at once the life-boat Rescuer and Friend of All Nations were fully manned and proceeded out of the harbour in order to render her what assistance she might require. As they passed over the bar, the water upon which was very shallow, the Rescuer touched the ground, in consequence of which her rudder was unshipped. At this moment a heavy sea struck her, and she caught the ground and immediately turned over, bottom upwards; the crew, numbering sixteen hands, being underneath. Two of these—Robert Warner, sen., and George Palmer—managed to get from under her sides and were rescued, by means of boat-hooks, by the crew of the other life-boat, which was instantly brought to anchor. The Friend of All Nations was then veered round, and proceeded after the Rescuer, which, in the meantime, had been over the North Sands, bottom upwards, with two of her crew—Edward Woods, jun., and William Austin, who had succeeded in getting on to her keel. The Friend of All Nations came up with her after she had drifted about three-quarters of a mile, and managed to take off the two men, who were much exhausted. Every effort was made by the Friend of All Nations to recover the rest of the unfortunate men, but without success, as not one of them was to be seen.

DULL EVENINGS MADE MERRY.—All the new Parlor Games, Magic Lanterns, Musical Boxes (from 12*sh.*), and Thousands of Id. Toys—the 5*th.* 6*d.* Parquet contain seventy-three articles. ARTHUR GRAYSON'S Noted Cheap Warehouse 304, High Holborn, W.C., and the New Bazaar, 95 and 96, Borough.—[Advertisement.]

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ANTHRA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1*s.* 1*d.* per box.—[Advertisement.]

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In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Elphinstone and Co. in Chequer. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]



# FEARFUL SHIP-WRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.

Liverpool, Monday. It is our painful duty to announce the total wreck of the splendid ship *Hannah More*, and the loss of the captain, first, second, and third officers, and fourteen of the crew. The ill-fated vessel left Callao, early in the month of October last, bound to Cork for orders, but owing to the recent heavy gales she was unable to make the port, and must have been carried by stress of weather on to the Lundy Island, at the entrance of the British Channel, where she became a total wreck early in the morning of Thursday, with the lamentable consequences mentioned above.

The *Hannah More* was a fine vessel of 1,180 tons register, and, at the time she was wrecked, was commanded by Captain Haughton, a well-known and experienced seaman. She was built in the autumn of 1856, was classed A 1 at Lloyd's, and formed one of the celebrated Liverpool and Australian packets known as the Black Ball liners. The melancholy intelligence was communicated to Messrs. James Barnes and Co., the owners of the vessel, in a telegram from Mr. Leader, of the Commercial-room, Bristol, and, of course, is necessarily brief. Out of a crew of twenty-four men, only six were saved—viz., the sail maker and five seamen, who managed to escape the fate of their companions, and reached the island, where they are at present safe, but unable to leave it, in consequence of their exhausted condition. As soon as they recover they will be sent on to the port, when we shall have full details of the melancholy catastrophe.

The screw steamer *Laconia*, which arrived in the Mersey on Monday from Alexandria, brought home the captain and crew of the steamer *Amelia*, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay a few days ago.

North Shields, Jan. 14, midnight.

The *Summer Cloud*, full-rigged ship of Leith, has brought into the Tyne forty-eight passengers and crew of the steamship *Arno*, which left Leith last night with a full complement of passengers and a valuable cargo for London. She also brought in the master, mate, second mate, and three of the crew of the brig *Medica*, of North Shields, bound from the Sea of Azoff to Leith, grain laden. This morning, between five and six o'clock, while off the Yorkshire

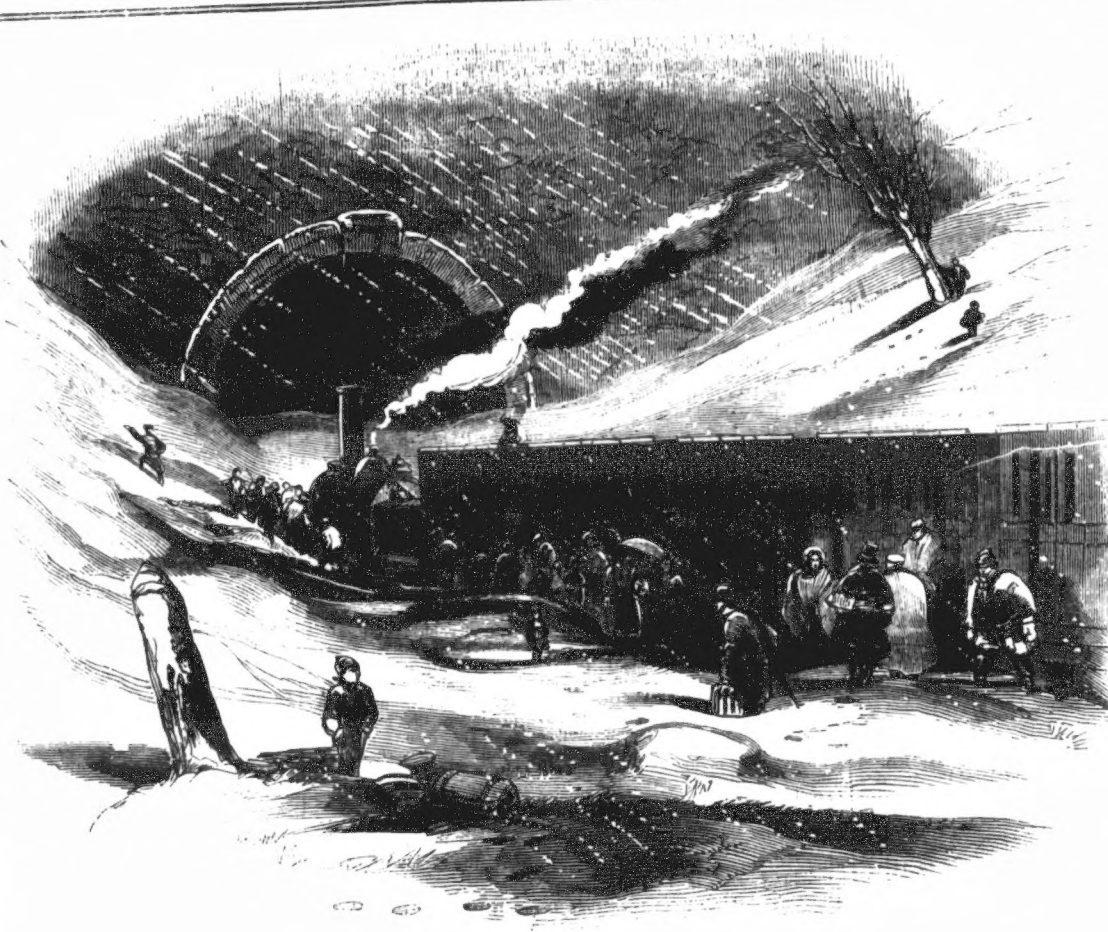
coast, the *Arno* came into collision with the brig, striking her amidships, and immediately sinking her. The master and steward of the brig got on board the steamer, and with the assistance of the mate and a soldier passenger of the *Arno* the life-boat was got out, and four of the crew of the brig were saved, but four were drowned. The steam ship was stove in forward, and her fore compartments began to fill with water. Her captain ran her towards the shore, but a serious leak broke out, which induced him to get out four of the life-boats, putting forty-eight passengers and crew into them. He, with eighteen men and two women, remained on board the vessel. The persons in the life-boat were picked up by the *Summer Cloud*. A tug steamer came alongside of the steam ship afterwards, and, it is supposed, took the remainder of the persons off her, land-

sea breaking heavily over both boat and ship. A line was thrown from the life-boat to the ship, and the former made fast under the vessel's lee, and preparations were made to receive the crew. Singularly enough, the latter, however, thought far more of saving their clothes, &c., than their lives, and instead of leaving the ship began to throw their hammocks into the life-boat, some of them striving at the same time to save bolts of new canvas, &c. In vain the life-boat men shouted to them to make haste out of the ship; only one man obeyed the summons, and just after he safely reached the boat a heavy sea struck her, snapped the rope by which she hung on to the ship, and before she could recover, another sea carried the life-boat right on to the rocks, broke her oars, and becoming unmanageable, she cap-

ing them at Hartlepool, for this afternoon two Tyne steam boats fell in with the *Arno*, off Hartlepool, full of water and abandoned. They put two men on board of her, attempting to tow her towards the Tyne, but while they had hold of her she sank, drowning a fireman, named George Adams. The loss of the two vessels will be fully £30,000.

## A FOREIGN BARQUE WRECKED AT SOUTER.

At five o'clock on Saturday morning, the barque *Mary Ann*, of Ostend, a vessel of about 450 tons register, bound from Rotterdam to the Tyne, with 800 tons of silver ore, struck on the rocks at Souter Point, about three miles south of this port, and where the recent inquiry was held by Admiral Collinson into the alleged falsification of the Tyne lights. Her position was first discovered by the Coast-guard stationed at Souter, and immediately the rocket apparatus was got out, and a line got on board. The vessel was between 200 and 300 yards from the cliffs, and had struck at dead low water. As soon as the rocket line was got on board, the gear was hauled off from the shore by the crew, but from their ignorance of working the apparatus, they made fast both the hawser and the endless line by which the apparatus is worked, and it was rendered totally useless. By this time information was sent to the village of Whitburn, the fishermen were aroused, and the captain of the life-boat belonging to the Royal National Life-boat Institution endeavoured to get a crew to go off to the ship's assistance. She was launched and pulled off to Souter, about half a mile distant, the

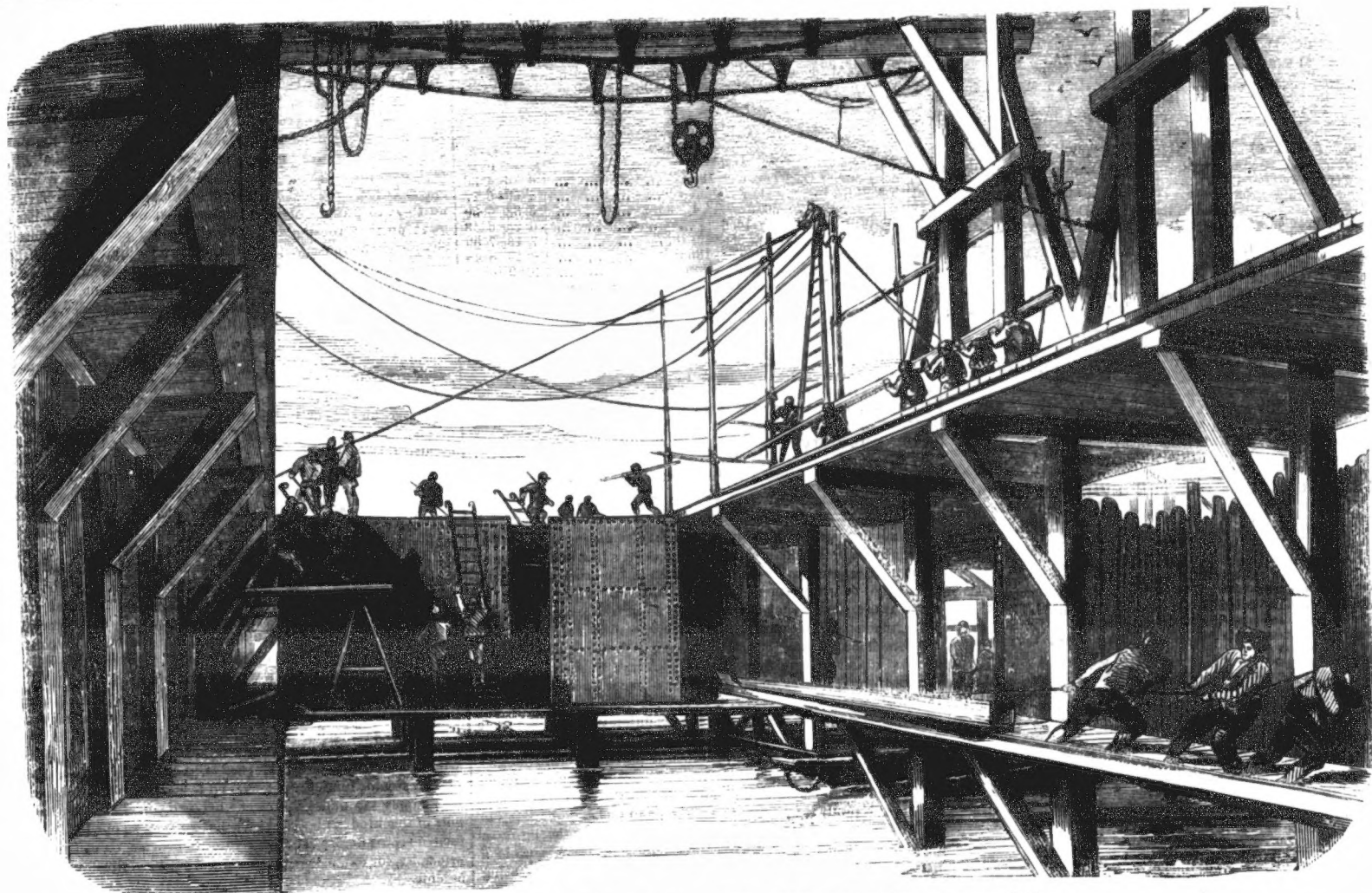


THE SNOWSTORM.—SCENE ON THE LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY. (See page 499.)



CAUGHT IN THE SNOWSTORM.—SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS. (See page 499.)



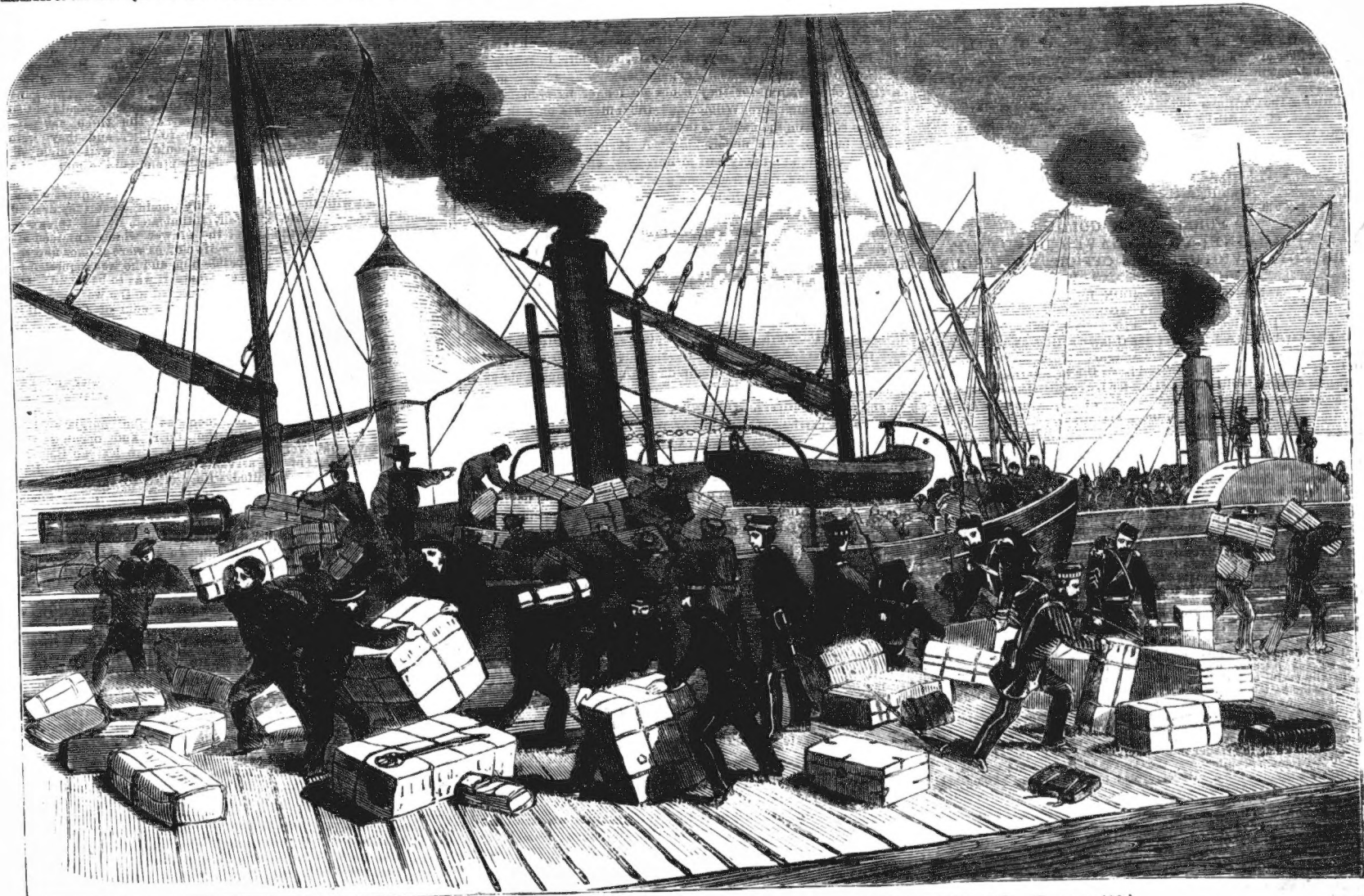


THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.—FIXING THE IRON CAISSONS. (See page 499.)

sized, throwing all her crew out, and they with the boat were washed ashore. Several of them were more or less injured, and the captain of the boat had some severe bruises on his leg. About two hours after several steamboats left the Tyns, towing two life-boats, all ready manned, and reached Whitburn about ten o'clock. The sea at the time was breaking heavily over the ship, and the remainder of the crew (nine in number) were seen on the port quarter.

To rescue them was a work of some difficulty, the vessel lying right on the rocks, where it was extremely dangerous for any boat to venture. Ashore the excitement was intense, as it was expected that every moment the ship might part, or the crew be washed away. The steam tugs behaved nobly. Three of them ventured through the broken water, dropping past the ship as near as they durst go, and then throwing a line on board the barque. This line a seaman

would attach to his waist, and then jump into the sea, and was safely dragged on board the steam tug. The tug then steamed away, another one supplied her place, followed by a third, and then the first took its place. The last two men to leave the ship were the captain and mate, who were both attached to one line, and were taken on board the tug. As soon as the men were saved the steam tugs took them to the Tyns.



THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.—EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AND BAGGAGE FOR IRELAND. (See page 499.)



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**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313 Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipts stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

E. P.—Procure the Second Edition of Mr. Edward Reynolds, the barrister's, "Guide to the Law for General Use," published by Stevens, Bell-yard, Fleet-street, price 3s. 6d.; post-free, 3s. 10d. Few books of a more generally useful character than this have been issued from the press for many years past. Within a marvellously small compass the author has condensed the main provisions of the law of England applicable to almost every transaction, matter or thing incidental to the relations between one individual and another. For convenience of reference its articles are disposed of under alphabetical arrangement, and a list of their titles will at once guide the reader to the information he is in quest of.

J. D. V.—To obtain a situation in the Customs House, you must procure a nomination through the interest of some influential person. You would then have to pass an examination, for which you are evidently not qualified on the score of handwriting and orthography.

E. W.—According to the general notion of what constitutes a "gentleman," a social position seems to be the principal qualification; but in the opinion of liberal-minded and sensible persons, manners and conduct would be taken still more into account. Neither "manners" nor "money" can alone make the gentleman; because a tradesman's assistants may have excellent manners, and the tradesman's his master may have plenty of money, but society would not recognise either of them as "a gentleman."

W. W. N.—An ordinary case of divorce costs about £20. Send us your address and we will recommend you a respectable London solicitor practicing in the Divorce Court.  
C. G.—The study of health should rank among the very foremost of studies. For this reason we can conscientiously recommend that admirable little work, "The Golden Book," which teaches the principles of health, happiness and long life. It can be had by sending four postage-stamps to Mr. T. Walter, No. 8, Grosvenor-place, Euston-square.  
A. A.—Pepsine is a preparation made from the stomach of the calf, to stimulate the digestive faculties of invalids or dyspeptic persons.

**CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.**

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
		A. M.	P. M.
20	London Docks opened, 1805	4 16	4 36
21	Third Sunday after Epiphany	4 56	5 17
22	Sun rises, 7h 56m; sets, 4h 30m.	5 38	5 59
23	William Pitt died, 1806	6 23	6 48
24	Indian Mutiny commenced, 1857	7 13	7 39
25	Princess Royal married, 1858	8 10	8 48
26	Sunday Schools established	9 29	10 9

Moon's changes.—1st quarter, 23rd, 8h. 54m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Isaiah 55; Matt. 19

AFTERNOON.

Isaiah 56; 1 Cor. 3

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FEAST DAYS.—21st, dedicated to Agnes, Roman virgin and martyr (A.D. 304); 22nd, Vincent, Spanish deacon and martyr (A.D. 304); 25th, Conversion of St. Paul (A.D. 31).

**THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.**

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1866

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

It is not impossible that the year 1864 may be distinguished in our annals by the final achievement of one of the costliest and apparently most hopeless enterprises ever undertaken in the cause of humanity by a long-enduring nation. There is reason to believe that at this moment the slave trade on the African coast is practically extinct. That infamous traffic, maintained so long and so successfully, in defiance of our utmost efforts, has been at last suppressed. We use that expression advisedly, because, although Spain has at length declared her readiness to fulfil her long-neglected obligations in this matter, it may be very safely assumed that her decision was accelerated, if not determined, by the condition to which the trade had been reduced. It was a question of time, patience, and perseverance on one side, of pure calculation on the other. So long as purchasers could be found for slaves, slave-dealers would be found to carry on the commerce. So long as the commerce could be carried on at a profit, it was sure to survive, and our only hope lay in the chance of so reducing this profit as to destroy the business altogether. The task was exceedingly difficult, because up to a certain point our intervention had the effect of merely increasing the price of the article, and enabling the dealer to get as much by one cargo as he would formerly have got by half-a-dozen. It was a case of blockade-running where prices rose according to the risk of the trade, and though we could largely reduce the proportion of successful ventures, it was only on condition of increasing in an equivalent degree the profit of a single lucky voyage. In the end, however, there came a time when these successes became so extremely rare that the trade was remunerative no longer. We believe we are correct in stating that only one considerable shipment of slaves took place from the west coast of Africa during the whole of last year, and even this cargo was ultimately captured off the coast of Cuba. One or two smaller shipments may, perhaps, have been effected, but at most of the stations the trade was absolutely stopped. Spain, therefore, in tardily consenting to perform her treaty engagements, was simply making a virtue of necessity, for they could no longer be profitably violated. To Commodore Wilnot and the officers and men of the African squadron the nation is indebted for this accomplishment of an all but desperate undertaking. A system of blockade was adopted which, at a heavy cost to ourselves, effectually sealed the ports of export, and the trade was gradually given up as impracticable. The slaves brought from the interior for shipment remained so long on the dealer's hands that his prospect profits were absorbed in the cost of maintaining them, and the business became a losing one. Still, many slave merchants held on for the chance of an opportunity, and on the speculation of a momentary break in the blockade; nor would it even now, except for the declarations of Spain, be safe to reckon on the absolute extinction of the traffic. These professions, however, if sincere, will consummate the work. No trade can possibly exist without buyers and that buyers have existed in the slave trade has been owing to Spain alone. If she makes the trade to Cuba as impossible as it would be to Jamaica, which she can do if she pleases, there is really an end of the business. Otherwise, the stream will flow again as soon as the barriers are loosened or removed. The result has not been attained without heroic exertion and infinite endurance. Through a long course of years it has been a desperate and not unequal race. The slave-dealers enjoyed the advantages of long experience, abundant capital, and effective combination. They were always informed of the slightest movement in the squadron, and prepared to turn the first chance to account. They had latterly employed steam power in their ships, and they threw all their energies into the game. But the blockade was too strict for them. Off that gloomy coast, and in that fatal climate, our cruisers lay at anchor day after day, within signal distance of each other, and when one vessel was compelled to fall out of the line another fell in. Of the wearisome and exhausting monotony of such a life on such a station no words of ours could convey any just idea. Mind as well as body succumbed under the strain, and constant relief became necessary for the efficiency of the service. All this while, the slavers waited and calculated with equal patience till the balance turned visibly against them, and then came the adhesion of Spain to complete their discomfiture and crown the enterprise.

On the 5th of January, a person of gentlemanly appearance and address, giving the name of Augustus George Fletcher, called at the Union Bank of Australia, in Old Broad-street, and accused himself of a robbery on the premises of the Melbourne branch, of which he had been chief clerk. About a year and a half ago, according to his own statement, he had forced open a box containing valuable securities belonging to a Mr. Lewis, and taken out bonds to the value of about £10,000. He had not been suspected at

the time, and had remained in the employment of the bank for a considerable period afterwards, when he absconded to this country, proceeded next to America, and ultimately to Buenos Ayres, whence he had just returned for the express purpose of surrendering himself. Mr. Mewburn, the secretary of the Union Bank, to whom he made this avowal, asked him, in the presence of Mr. Murray, the solicitor of the bank, whether he was ready to give up the securities, or the proceeds of them, to which he replied that he was anxious to make every reparation in his power, and could at once make over to the bank some £1,500, part of which was in London and part in Paris, a promise which he has since made good. It appears that Mr. Mewburn took no steps to procure his apprehension, but on leaving the bank he went up to a constable of his own accord and gave himself in charge for the robbery. The constable took him to the Bishopsgate-street Police-station, where he repeated his story, and was brought up for examination at the Mansion House on the following day, January 6. The circumstances of his surrender were then given in evidence by Mr. Mewburn and the policeman, but neither Mr. Murray, who appeared for the bank, nor Mr. Bannister, who appeared for the London correspondents of Mr. Lewis, was prepared to undertake the prosecution. Both admitted that they "felt some difficulty" in doing so. Both, however, professed their desire to further the ends of justice, if there were any legal means of proceeding against the prisoner. Mr. Alderman Finnis thereupon decided that no such means existed, that he had no power to detain Fletcher except upon a proper warrant, and that, no warrant for his apprehension having arrived from the colony, he must be forthwith discharged, unless he should think fit to enter into his own recognizances to appear on a future day. The prisoner adopted this suggestion, and duly surrendered again on Saturday last, by which time it was thought possible that a warrant might have arrived from Australia. No such warrant being forthcoming, Mr. Alderman Finnis declared that he was without jurisdiction, and had no option but to dismiss the case. It must certainly seem marvellous to most people that a man who has committed a crime in Australia and escaped to England cannot be committed to prison, even upon his own confession, unless a warrant for his arrest shall have been received from the colony. But such is the law. The truth probably is that no one ever contemplated such a contingency as has occurred. It would very seldom happen that proofs enough to justify the committal of a refugee from the West Indies or Australia could be produced before an English magistrate without the assistance of a prosecutor from the colony, and it was forgotten that a culprit may supply the want of proofs by his own confession. Some loophole of this kind will always be left so long as our legislature, in the true spirit of English law, refuses to provide, on comprehensive principles, for exigencies that have not yet been illustrated by precedents.

**EXTRAORDINARY BURGLARY BY MASKED ROBBERS.**

BETWEEN Tuesday night and Wednesday morning a very determined burglary, perpetrated under very remarkable circumstances, took place at the Kirkton of Auchterhouse, about six or seven miles from Dundee. The farm is tenanted by Mr. James Playfair, and on it are situated the dwellings of the servants he employs. His own house is at some little distance from the steading, and is of two storeys. Mr. Playfair and his brother reside in it, along with some female servants. Mr. Playfair's sleeping apartments are on the upper story, while the bed-rooms of the servants are on the ground floor. About the usual time the whole of the inmates retired to rest with the exception of Mr. David Playfair, who was from home. Everything continued quiet until about twelve o'clock, when Mr. Playfair was awakened, and his astonishment may be supposed when he saw three men standing in his bed-room. By the small light of a candle which one of the robbers held in his hand, Mr. Playfair was able partly to scrutinize the invaders. The gang had their faces blackened, so that their identification would not so easily be determined. But his survey of the three was particularly short. They had no time to lose, and they were anxious that what little they had should be well employed. Accordingly, one of the ruffians instantly presented the muzzle of a pistol at Mr. Playfair's head and demanded his money, while another, with uplifted axe, indicated that unless the request was at once complied with they would speedily obtain what they desired without his consent. Mr. Playfair, intimidated by the threats of the thieves, stated that the key of the drawer which contained his money was in one of his pockets. His clothes were at once unceremoniously thrown into the bed beside him, and he was requested to give them the key, as he knew best where it was to be found. On receiving the key they immediately proceeded to the wardrobe. In a drawer of which Mr. Playfair had left the sum of £84, until it would be convenient to deposit it in the bank. The money was at once taken possession of; but, previous to leaving, the party carried off a very costly gold watch and chain which was in the bed-room. Before retiring they asked if Mr. Playfair had any brothers, and he said he had one, but he was not aware whether or not he was at home. They entered Mr. David Playfair's room, but did not fancy anything in it which they thought would be of service to them. As soon as the burglars left his room, Mr. Playfair looked the door, and opening the window, sprang out, very scantily attired. He lost no time in reaching the dwellings of his servants at the steading, and after knocking some time was admitted. He related to them what had occurred, and it may well be supposed that they were very much surprised. They hastened to the house, but when they arrived the depredators had decamped. Although every search was made around the place no trace of the delinquents was discovered, and no help was left but to return home again. In order, however, that no effort to detect them might be spared, the servants came on to Dundee and lodged information with the police authorities. On an examination, it was found that the house had been entered by the parlour window, which is situated on the ground floor. The thieves had lighted their candle in the parlour, and had then commenced their inspection of the premises. One of the female servants heard a foot on the stairs, but thinking it was Mr. Playfair's brother she took no further notice of the affair, and was not aware of what had occurred until the servants came from the steading. Altogether, the affair is one of the most daring and mysterious that has ever occurred in the district; but we understand the police authorities have obtained a clue to the burglary, and it is to be hoped they will succeed in capturing them.—Dundee Advertiser.

CONVICTION OF AN ENGLISH PICKPOCKET IN PARIS.—An English pickpocket, named Mary Ann Clayton, aged twenty-four, was tried by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, Paris, for stealing the purse of Mrs. Pollock, an English lady, while the latter was walking with her husband in the Palais-Royal. The prisoner, when interrogated, said that she was a married woman, that her husband was a green-grocer, and that she had arrived in Paris on the previous day only, with a female cousin, who had undertaken to teach her the art of pocket-picking, in which she was an adept. The tribunal declared the charge proved, and sentenced the prisoner to thirteen months' imprisonment.



## ROBBERY BY THE SON OF A GENERAL OFFICER.

WILLIAM HENRY OAKES WARREN, 22, described as a gentleman, the son of a general in the army, and said to be otherwise very highly connected, surrendered to the Middlesex Sessions, in discharge of his bail, to answer an indictment charging him with stealing a coat, value £1, the property of the Westminster Palace Hotel Company (Limited).

Mr. Poland prosecuted; Mr. Metcalfe and Mr. Montagu Williams appeared for the prisoner.

The court was fully attended by persons anxious to hear the case, and it excited great interest.

Mr. Poland, in opening the case, said that the prisoner entered the coffee-room at the Westminster Palace Hotel on the 30th of December, at about one o'clock, and the waiter saw him there. After being there for some time the prisoner was observed by him looking over the railway time tables, and the waiter temporarily quitted the room. When he came back in a few minutes the prisoner was gone, and a coat that had been placed on a dinner wagon was gone also. The prisoner had been seen by the porter to go out of the principal entrance of the hotel with the coat on his arm. On seeing this the porter communicated with a person of the name of Fletcher, who immediately went back into the coffee-room, and then found that a coat belonging to a Mr. Heath, who was staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel, was gone. It was known that the prisoner had come into the hotel without any great coat; and knowing that he went after the prisoner, and there was this remarkable fact, that when he went out to the right hand down a narrow street, leading to Tothill-street, whereas, if the prisoner had gone in the direction of the Grosvenor Hotel, his way would have been straight down Victoria-street. Fletcher followed him into Dacre-street, where he stopped the prisoner, with the coat on his arm. Fletcher told him that the coat he had with him did not belong to him, and he said it did; but Fletcher repeated that it was not his coat, and that he must go back with him to the hotel. He said that if he had taken a wrong coat it must be a mistake, and that he was staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel, in room No. 219, which was false, as No. 219 consisted of a suite of three rooms, and at that time they were all unoccupied. The prisoner then said that he was in a great hurry, and could not then go back to explain the matter. Fletcher said he must go back, but as he still refused, he insisted that he should go back with him. Upon that he offered Fletcher five shillings to let him go, but he declined to take it; he then offered him a sovereign, which he also declined, and said that he must go back. The prisoner then asked Fletcher what he wanted, and he replied that he was not to be bribed, and that he must go back with him. It appeared that the prisoner had no real business at the hotel, and on further questions being put to him he said if he had taken the coat by mistake he must have left his own in the coffee-room. A search was made in the coffee-room, but no other coat was found. The manager of the hotel determined to send the prisoner before a magistrate, and when he was before Mr. Selffe, he repeated the statement he had made that he had left his overcoat in the coffee-room; and to give him an opportunity of pointing it out, or the place where he had left his own coat, the magistrate allowed the prisoner, accompanied by police-officers, to go there for that purpose, but no coat whatever was found. Therefore it became absolutely necessary that the whole case should be inquired into. One of the points to be set up in defence would be that there was a mistake; but there was this remarkable fact, that when the prisoner's luggage was examined at the Grosvenor Hotel amongst other things was found a great coat. It would be shown also that when the prisoner left the Westminster Palace Hotel, by several witnesses, he should show beyond all question that he had no great coat. It would be for the jury to say whether this could be a mistake, as this was not the case of a gentleman waiting at a railway station, and who, leaving it in a hurry, might have snatched up a coat not belonging to him; but here it would be shown that the prisoner had been from one to three o'clock, and the coat had been carefully folded up by the owner, and put on to the dinner wagon. In the coat, which belonged to Mr. Heath, were three books; and any person carrying a coat on his arm, with three books in the pockets (for no doubt they would knock against his knees) could not fail to have his attention drawn to it that it was not his own. Another point which would no doubt be urged by Mr. Metcalfe, who appeared for the prisoner, was that it would be very unlikely that a gentleman of education would go into a hotel and take a second-hand coat which belonged to some one else; but they should remember that when a person stole a coat he took the chance of what he might find in the pockets, and the fact that Mr. Heath's coat contained three books, and the prisoner not going in the direction of the Grosvenor Hotel, where he was staying, but turning down a side street, were all matters which the jury would have to consider. When the prisoner was searched 27s. only was found upon him. At first he said he was an officer in the army, and at another time that he was a medical student. It would be for the jury to say whether this could be a mistake, and having simply done his duty by laying these facts before them, he had no doubt they would interpret them in a just and proper manner.

William Haines Heath (sworn) said: At the end of December last I was staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and on Saturday, the 30th, I was there and had a great coat. I brought it from my bed-room and placed it on a dinner wagon near the coffee-room, on the top shelf. There were two books in one pocket and one in the other; there was a pocket book and two Lettis' diaries. I went out about half-past ten, and before I went I saw Fletcher, the porter, and spoke to him about the coat, and he said it would be safe.

William Fletcher, the head porter of the hotel, was examined, and said: I remember Mr. Heath staying at the hotel, and remember him speaking to me about a coat. I first saw the coat on the wagon; it was doubled up, and two books placed on it. I first saw him when he was going out of the front door. My attention was called to prisoner by the hall porter, as he was going out, about three o'clock in the afternoon. I went up to the coffee-room, and missed a coat from the wagon—the books were left. I went out, and turned to the right, the way the prisoner had gone, and saw him walking along with a coat on his arm. He went up the first turning on the right in Victoria-street, which leads to New Tothill-street, which is a low neighbourhood. The nearest way to the Grosvenor Hotel would be straight down Victoria-street. I said, "You have got a coat that does not belong to you." He said, "Yes, it is my coat. If it is not my coat, I took it in my own." I said, "You did not, I believe, have a coat when you went into the hotel." He said, "Yes; this is not my own. I have made a mistake." I said, "It is not yours. It belongs to a gentleman named Heath, staying in the house." He said, "Well, I am very sorry if I have taken the wrong coat. I am going on business, and will get my own coat when I come back to the hotel." I said, "You are not staying there at all." He said, "Yes, I am; my number is 219." I said, "I am sure it is not; you cannot be there." He was very much confused, and said "I am." I said, "It is not occupied." He said, "I am very sorry. I am in a great hurry, and cannot come back." I said, "You must come back." The prisoner then said, "I have made a mistake. I am quite a gentleman. I shall be ruined." Then he offered me 5s., of which I took no notice, and he again said, "Here is 5s.; it is a mistake; tell the gentleman it is a mistake; let me go." I said, "I cannot take any money; you must go back with me." He then said, "Will you take a sovereign?" I said, "No, certainly not; I am not going to be bribed." He said, "What can I give you—what will do?" He

wanted me to go another way; he took hold of my arm and asked me to go down the street close by. I said, "You must come back with me to the hotel." He told me his name; it was not Warren. He said he was a gentleman and an officer in the army, and that he should be ruined. I took him back to the hotel, and when we got there the hall-porter called the manager up, and I left him with the manager, who took him down into the office. Afterwards, at the police-station, I saw the books taken from the coat. The coat was the only coat on the wagon.

Wallace Pitt, hall porter in the service of the hotel company, said: I saw the prisoner come into the hotel. He walked up and down once or twice, and afterwards looked at the visitors' book. He was turning over the leaves when I asked him who he was looking for, when he said, "No one in particular." I then went into the coffee-room, and saw him come out about three o'clock. I think he was dressed as he is now. I can swear that he had no great coat, neither wearing it nor carrying it. I called the attention of Fletcher to the prisoner, because I thought him suspicious.

Mr. Metcalfe addressed the jury for the prisoner, and said that this was a very painful and anxious case for all parties concerned; and although he did not believe there was a disposition on the part of any one to sacrifice an innocent person, yet he could not conceal from himself that, although there was some evidence against the prisoner, that it was the more important that they scrutinized the evidence more closely, so that they should not convict an innocent man. The prisoner was a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with a very good prospect in life, but that prospect would be entirely ruined if he was convicted of felony. He did not make those observations for the purpose of threatening the jury, and he did not ask them to shrink from their duty on the part of the public in returning a verdict of guilty if they believed him to be so; but, on the other hand, he hoped they would show the same amount of anxiety not to convict him if he was innocent. There was no doubt that the prisoner took Mr. Heath's coat out of the Westminster Palace Hotel, and the only question the jury would have to consider was whether he intended feloniously to take it away. He should show that he was in the habit of wearing a great coat, and going out from the hotel with it on him, and he might have made the mistake which had betrayed him into the position he was then in. They must not only be satisfied that he took the coat, but it must be clearly made out that he knew when taking it that it was not his own, but that it belonged to some one else. He should show that he was in the habit of wearing a coat of that description, and that he wore it about half an hour before he went to the hotel.

The Rev. O. H. Jenkins said he saw the prisoner at Brussels in the spring of last year, with a blue coat and silk or velvet collar, and he saw him wear it very recently at a wedding at Hampton.

Robert James Clayton, office boy to Mr. Holt, solicitor, of Bedford-row, said he saw the prisoner at his master's office on the 30th of December, at a quarter to one, and he was then wearing a double-breasted blue coat, with a blue collar.

William Greggs, another clerk to Mr. Holt, gave similar evidence.

William Kendall, employed at the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' Office, said the prisoner called at their office and remained a quarter of an hour, and he was then wearing a dark-coloured overcoat.

The Assistant Judge carefully summed up the evidence and impartially laid all the facts before the jury.

The jury then retired at five minutes after three, and after half an hour's consultation returned into court.

Mr. Francis, deputy clerk of the peace, amidst almost breathless silence, asked the jury if they had agreed upon their verdict.

The foreman: We have.

Mr. Francis: Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?

The foreman: Guilty.

The Assistant Judge and the magistrates on the bench then retired, and on their return into court,

The clerk of the court said the prisoner stood convicted of felony, and he asked him what he had to say why judgment should not be passed upon him?

The prisoner said: I am perfectly innocent of the charge against me. It was not likely that a man in my position in life would be guilty of committing an act of felony.

The Assistant Judge: I am not surprised at that statement from a person who has conducted himself as you have done, and, connected as you have been with a most honourable position and family, you have taken advantage of it to do that which a person in humble life could not avail himself of; and I do not think the defence you have set up is at all creditable to you. The sentence I have now to pronounce upon you is that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for nine months.

The prisoner was then passed into the cells, and shortly afterwards removed to Oldbath-fields in the prison van.

INSUBORDINATE MONKS.—An Alexandria letter reports a monkish rebellion on Mount Sinai. It appears that Archbishop Cyrille, of the convent of St. Catherine, having given some cause of offence to his monks, they mutinied in a body, seized his grace, and shut him up in the black hole of the convent. News of the affair having been sent by an adherent of the archbishop of Cairo, the viceroy has despatched a company of troops to effect the release of the prelate, and restore his authority in the convent.—*Levant Herald*.

ASSAULT ON A DOMESTIC SERVANT.—At the latter end of last week Mrs. Bellamy, sister to Miss Theresa Longworth, appeared at the Abergavenny County Court to defend an action which had been brought against her for assaulting her servant girl by throwing water over her; she was further charged with non-payment of wages by the same complainant. Mrs. Bellamy resides at Abergavenny Castle, and it seems that on the Wednesday following Christmas-day her girl retired to bed at an unusual hour in consequence of being unwell. She was requested to get up again by Mrs. Bellamy, but refused, stating that she was too unwell to do so. Mrs. Bellamy then threw some water over her, and this constituted the assault complained of. The complaint of the assault was confirmed by the evidence of a man servant, and in cross-examination Mrs. Bellamy said, "The complainant is aware that I suspected her of having stolen a shawl, value £17." The damages for the assault were laid at £1, for which judgment was given, his honour remarking that the assault had been proved. Judgment was also given for the amount of wages due.

CONVICTS AND WARDERS.—On Monday, at Chatham Police-court, a convict warder, named Hunt, employed at the St. Mary's convict prison, Chatham, underwent a lengthened examination on the charge of conveying into the convict prison, and giving to a convict named Campbell, a letter, in which he promised to bring him in anything he might require. The prisoner, who had only held his appointment at the convict establishment a few months, having previously been drum-major of the corps of Royal Engineers, had a number of convicts under his charge, among whom was Campbell. On the prisoners proceeding to their cells Campbell was seen to drop a letter, which on being picked up was found to be written in black lead pencil, the writer making use of the usual flash terms and expressions known to thieves, promising to bring in to the convict anything which he might require. The writing being examined, the prisoner was found to have written the letter, and he was accordingly given into custody. The accused, in answer to the charge, admitted that he had written the letter to convict Campbell, who was formerly in the corps of Royal Engineers to which he belonged. The magistrates indicated a penalty of 6d. and costs. The amount was paid, the accused at the same time being dismissed from his office.

## THE CASE OF A GENTLEMAN ABDUCTING HIS OWN WIFE

THIS case came before the Consistorial Court, Cork, when the following proceedings took place.

The petitioner, Anna Maria Carleton, was represented by Messrs. Whiteside Q.C., Heron, Q.C., and Justin M. O'Grady, instructed by Mr. Lindsay. The respondent, J. P. Carleton, was represented by Mr. Butt, Q.C., and Professor Barry, instructed by Messrs. Jaima and Gregg.

Many of the facts of this *cause celebre* have been published already. The petition was for divorce, on the ground of adultery.

Mr. Whiteside opened the case. He said that the petitioner and respondent were both persons of the highest respectability in the city. On the 6th December, 1864, they were married to each other in the church of St. Nicholas, parish of St. Finé Barr, in the city of Cork. After the marriage they lived and cohabited at Maryville, on the Blackrock-road, the residence of the petitioner's father, an old gentleman who was universally respected and universally known. Of their marriage there was no issue. Shortly after its celebration, on the 15th of December, 1864 and on divers other days it would be proved that John Parker Carleton, the respondent, visited a house in Magnolia-terrace, and there committed adultery with Anna Driscoll, a spinster, with whom he had previously cohabited, and by whom he had three children, who assumed the name of Carleton. In the first week of September the petitioner alleged that this woman was removed from Magnolia-terrace to some other place in the neighbourhood, and that the respondent continued to visit her. The petitioner proceeded to show the position in life of the parties. The petitioner was given by her father a fortune of £3,500—not an insignificant sum; and under a settlement the respondent was made entitled to a sum of £1,000 on the death of old Mr. Lyndsay, whilst in the meantime he was to receive an interest of five per cent. on the entire sum. That was a very respectable fortune, and the respondent married into a very respectable family. The answer which the respondent had put into the petition was very vague upon the most important point—that of adultery. It was that nothing of the kind took place since his marriage. He admitted that previous to, but not since, his marriage he had been cohabiting with Anna Driscoll. She had three children by him—that she took the name of Carleton, and that the children were baptised in that name without his knowledge or approval. With respect to his visit to the woman, the respondent's defence was founded on a weak point of law. He did not deny that he visited her, but he stated that he paid the visits for the purpose of making arrangements for the maintenance of herself and her children. The petition then went on to state, that when these circumstances reached the ear of the respondent's wife she asked him for an explanation, and the respondent declined giving it then, and withdrew. This was on the 22d August last. She declined to live with him after, and he left the house. Since then he tried to induce her to live with him and on the 6th of January he attempted to make her return in rather a rough and unceremonious manner. On the 6th of January, the petitioner was driving with another lady, in the latter lady's carriage, when the respondent came up, and endeavoured to take her from the carriage, but she, not alone by words but by the exercise of muscular power, resisted him until the police came up, and they prevented him forcibly carrying her away.

At the conclusion of counsel's statement evidence was given to prove the adultery.

Mr. Butt said: After the statements that have been publicly made, my client feels that, even assuming that he was successful in his suit, it would be condemning both parties to a life which would not be a happy one. Therefore he is prepared to submit to a decree. He wishes me to say that up to this moment he had believed his wife was acting under influences which might be removed from her mind. A strong proof he gave of that in the attempt alluded to, and which was made with the view of hearing from her own lips the state of her feelings. Of that there is no doubt. He now submits to a decree. The only remaining question is one of alimony. As we are closing the case it is very desirable that anything that would give pain to his or her family should not be brought before the public. It would therefore be better if you would hear in private the question of alimony. At present, without admitting anything, we deem this course the best, as it does not prevent a reunion at another time. We submit to a decree *a mensa et thoro*.

Mr. Whiteside said he would take the usual decree, with costs.

The Court: Submitting to the costs at present, and reserving the question of alimony for future consideration.

The court then adjourned to decide the question of alimony in private.

FOUND DEAD ON DARTMOOR.—The *Western Morning News* says that the danger of crossing Dartmoor by bye-paths, in order to effect a saving of distance, has been enforced by another death, which it may be hoped will deter others from repeating the practice. Mr. H. A. Vaillock, county coroner, has held an inquest at the London Inn, Princetown, on the body of Richard Allen, of Sownton, who left his home to go to Sticklepath, and attempted to cross a portion of Dartmoor, in order to save three miles. On the following afternoon, Mr. John Gard, of Youlditch, guided by the instinct of a sheep dog, found Allen in a sitting posture, and with an umbrella under his feet, under the rock near the place called the Island of Rock, on the west of Okement River, whither the unfortunate man had probably gone to shelter himself during the boisterous night, and where he probably died from exposure and fatigue. Police-constable Madden found in deceased's pockets £2 12s. 6d. Deceased was fifty years of age.

A "SCAPE-GALLOWS QUALIFYING AGAIN.—At the Rye (Sussex) Quarter Sessions, a few days ago, a man named Jarrett, who had once been under sentence of death, and narrowly escaped hanging

was charged with a murderous assault on the governor of Rye Gaol, on the 3rd inst. The prisoner was in custody, and while the governor was supplying him with his breakfast he struck him a tremendous blow on the side of the head, which stunned him.

When the governor came to, he found the prisoner on him, using very bad language, and striking him on the head and face with his fist. The governor struggled with him, and was obliged to strike him several times in the face to get clear of him. The governor then asked him why he used him so, and he replied, "Oh, you mean to murder me on purpose to get hung." He then sent to Mr. Moreton for assistance. Since then the governor has suffered very severely from the prisoner's ill-treatment.

A verdict of "Guilty" was returned. The Recorder, addressing the prisoner, said: I have before me a list of offences of the most violent description which you have committed. There was a time when you were under sentence of death, and you would have been hung but that by the influence of some persons who interested themselves in you a reprieve was granted. After you came to Rye you were imprisoned for an assault upon the master of the Union, and next for an assault upon Butcher, the gaoler. Some persons thought you were not in your right mind, and you were sent to Hayward's Heath Lunatic Asylum, but they there soon found out that you were sane. When you came out you were sentenced to six months for an assault upon the relieving officer, and afterwards you were imprisoned for threatening the life of Mr. Bartley, the master of the Rye Union, and while in prison for that offence you committed the attack upon the gaoler. Fortunately for you, Butcher was a strong man, or you probably would have been sentenced to penal servitude for life. It is now time to put a stop to this, and therefore the sentence of the court is, that you be kept to penal servitude for five years.



### THE SPANISH INSURRECTIONIST LEADER, GENERAL PRIM.

THE *Times*' correspondent in Spain thus describes General Prim:—"Don Juan Prim, as his biographers relate, who is now lieutenant-general in the national army of Spain, Viscount del Bruch, Count de Reus, Marquis de Los Castillejos, and Grande of Spain of the First Class, was born in Reus, a town in Catalonia, near Tarragona, on the 6th of December, 1814. His father was a colonel of infantry, grown old in the service, but of scanty income and limited resources. Prim is under deep obligation both to the Queen Mother and the reigning Queen, the first of whom honoured with her presence his wedding, in Paris, to a rich Mexican lady. The latter was his son's godmother at El Pardo. Prim has, besides, at all times received the highest favours at the hands of the Bourbon family, and has invariably evinced the most enthusiastic devotion to Queen Isabella. I have seen General Prim lately, and had sufficiently long interviews with him. He is a man considerably below the middle size, with a small and slender, but apparently wiry and extremely active frame, a bright, lively, intelligent countenance, with a very bad complexion, the visible result of that liver complaint under which he is well known to labour. His eyes are large and expressive; his features tolerably regular, with no other marked peculiarity than the high cheek bones. His manners are courteous and winning; he speaks fluently, and expresses himself forcibly, and not inelegantly, both in his native language and in French. He showed me an English paper on the table before him, and told me the written language was easy to him, though he made no attempt to speak it. Whenever I went to the general's house in Calle de Atocha, I found the ante-chamber, and even his own cabinet, crowded with gentlemen, who had apparently no other business than that of dancing attendance upon the great man. In the presence of these Prim addressed me in French, when *tele-a-tele* he preferred his own idiom. Notwithstanding his wife's considerable wealth, Prim was lately said to have exceeded his means and to be deeply in debt. He is a man of extravagant habits, passionately addicted to the pleasures of the chase, for the gratification of which he has bought very extensive grounds, has built a large house, and keeps up a most extensive establishment. In pursuit of these pleasures, or perhaps under pretext of them, he has made his premises and his hunting-grounds the rendezvous of characters of every description, townsmen from Madrid, no less than Catalans, who are as ready to lend him a hand at a battle as at a political *eschaffouet*, such as he is now engaged in. His country house at Villarubia is said to have hiding places where hundreds of bandits could be secreted, and away in the woods and deep in the gorges of the Toledo mountains, he has built huts, hunting-boxes, and all kinds of sheds as available for the purposes of war



GENERAL PRIM, THE SPANISH INSURRECTIONIST LEADER.

as for the requirements of the chase. Here, in the centre of a whole region devoted and familiar to him, he has chosen the theatre of his revolutionary exploits. Here, as well as in many parts of Catalonia, he is said to have stores of arms and ammunition. Here, or wherever else he may go, it is supposed that followers will not fail to flock to him. A man of great restlessness of ambition and of corresponding versatility of mind, General Prim has always been unscrupulous as to the means by which his aim could be attained. Not a little slippery as to political principles, and too free in money matters, he is supposed to have some of the vices that go as far towards making a Cataline as a Cæsar. Whether his present enterprise is more in the style of the latter or of the former, and whether it will lead to the fate of the one or of the other, the lapse of a few days will show us."

### THE INSURRECTION IN SPAIN.

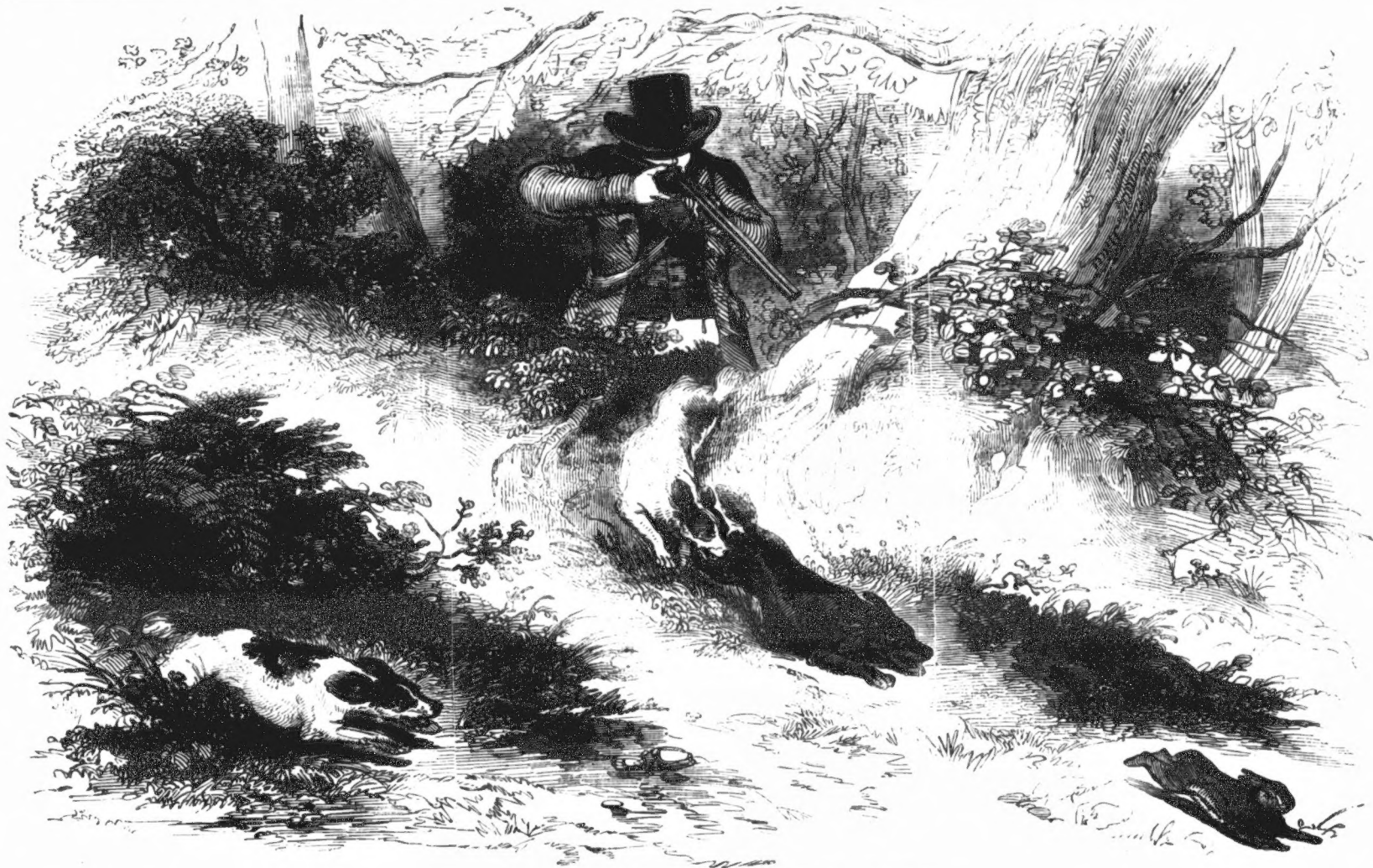
THE following is from a Madrid letter, dated Jan. 11:—

"Last evening, at a quarter past five, as I was discussing news at my banker's, I was interrupted by two of the clerks, who bounced in crying out that there was firing in the streets. The words were hardly out of their mouths when we heard three distinct shots at no great distance, with that peculiarly sharp detonation which makes musketry fire so appalling when confined within walls. The business of the bank broke up in confusion; we rushed into the street, and all dispersed in different directions, every man making the best of his way to his own home. The scene out of doors was one of wild excitement. Shop and house doors were being banged to with trembling haste; there was a hurry-scurry of people crowding, pushing, trampling; a shouting of coachmen, madly lashing their horses and urging them on at the top of their speed. The shots had been heard from what are called the Barrios Bajos, the lower quarters, at the foot of the Toledo and Atocha streets, the abode of the most miserable, most vicious, most riotous population of Madrid. I have not been able to make out what the row was about—possibly a patrol of Civic Guards dispersing some groups of starving wretches; possibly a few mutineers in the barracks being put down by their comrades. Such scenes have since the proclamation of the state of siege become as frequent among the military as among the populace. Whatever it might be, I made my way to the Carrera de San Gerónimo, to that Puerta del Sol which a man must cross in Madrid, no matter whence coming, no matter whither going. The great tide of terrified people was setting in along with me, and invading the square, which had not as yet caught the alarm. I went up the whole length of the square, and had barely entered the Calle del Arenal, when I heard a great rush and some piercing hisses. The crowd, pushing their way into the narrow streets,

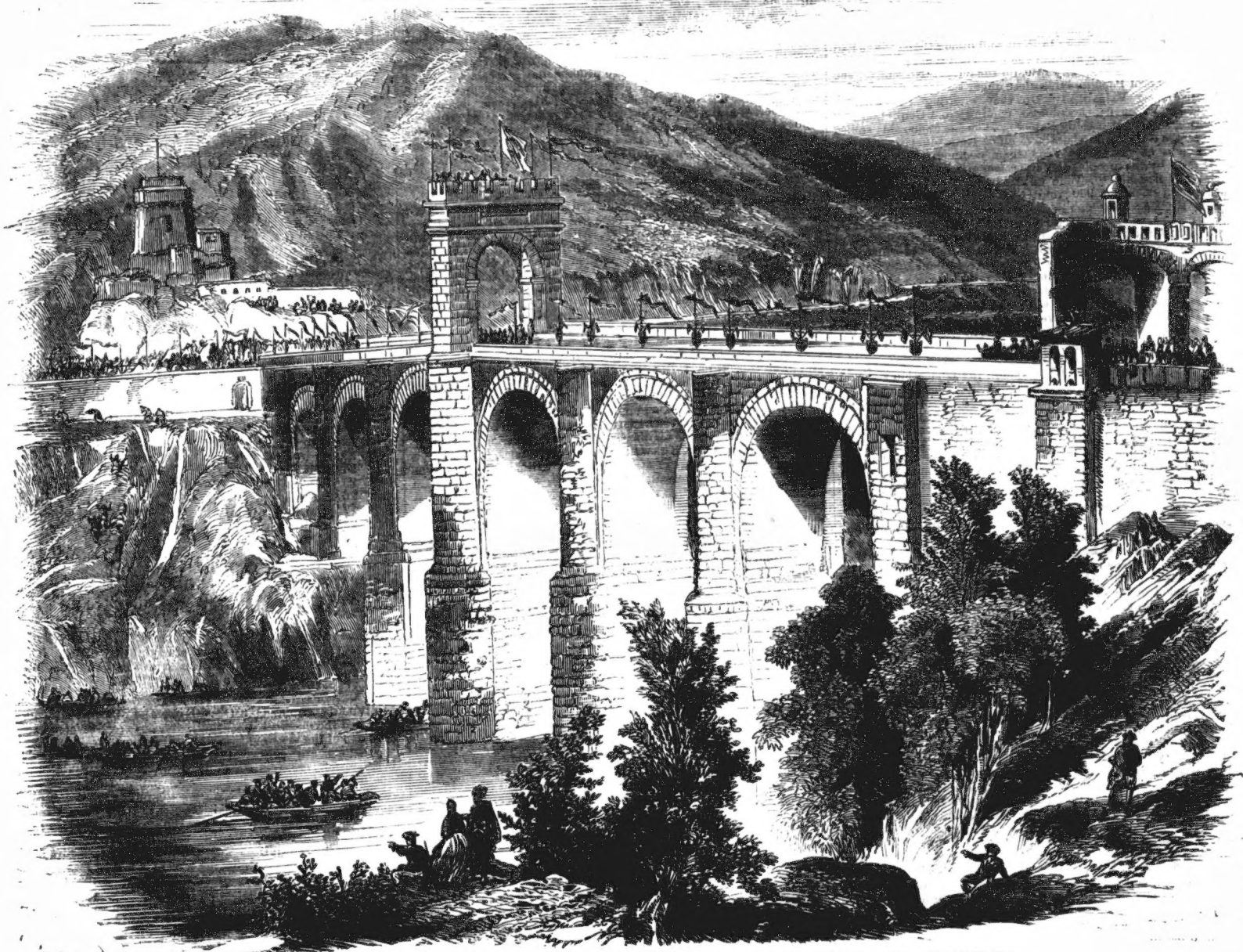


THE MILITARY REVOLT IN SPAIN.—QUEEN ISABELLA AND HER MINISTERS.





SPORTING SKETCH—RABBIT SHOOTING. (See page 508.)



MILITARY REVOLT IN SPAIN.—SPANISH TROOPS PASSING THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.



forced me on. Men, women, and children were borne along in a wild confusion; vast masses flung themselves pell-mell into the side streets; with the remainder I made my best way into my hotel. The shutting of doors and windows, the utter disappearance of the terrified mob, were the work of a few seconds. Presently, as silence began to reign, there was a trampling of hoofs, a flashing of helmets, breast plates, and broad swords; it was the Queen's coach and six coming back from the Prado, preceded and followed by its mounted escort. In half an hour the stillness of death again prevailed, and continued to reign throughout the night. Such is life in Madrid in this latter part of the 19th century. I am not aware that any serious consequence, indeed that any consequence whatever, arose out of all this unmeaning hubbub. But the mere fact of the population of one of the principal European capitals becoming so easy a prey to panic and dismay speaks volumes in condemnation of a system of Government under which indiscriminate shooting down of people in the streets, without provocation and without warning, are matters of too frequent and too recent occurrence. The old Roman preferred a stormy liberty to a peaceful servitude. Here it is enslavement that is a prey to incessant alarm and actual danger. Prim's pursuers have fallen in with the carriage drawn by six mules, in which the insurgent chief, unable to ride on account of his liver complaint, was said to be travelling. A high-trotting horse is, however, generally recommended by physicians as the best cure for hepatic diseases. Marshal Concha, Marquis del Duero, has come back to Madrid. The Ministerial papers are very loud indeed in their praises of the conduct of this gallant officer, who, on first hearing of Prim's movement, collected a force of 300 between soldiers and civil guards, expressing his firm purpose to bring back the rebel alive or dead. He seems, however, soon to have tired of the chase, as after leaving us for a few days ignorant of his whereabouts, he here unexpectedly turns up among us. What brings him back we are not told, only, as I have said, we are dinned with loud praises in praise of his loyalty and heroism. There is some shrewd surmise about that he has been recalled by O'Donnell, who, whatever may be his feelings against Prim, was not pleased with the proclamation, in which he was stigmatized as a 'coward,' as well as a traitor, by Concha. That was going rather too far. Whatever blame Prim may have incurred, his personal bravery may not be disputed by the bitterest of his foes. That luckless proclamation, after being condemned in no measured terms for its unjust aspersions against Prim's courage in the semi-official organs of O'Donnell, is now boldly disavowed as a spurious fabrication by the same papers. It bears all intrinsic marks of a genuine document nevertheless. People have not forgotten that O'Donnell himself at the time of his pronouncement at Vicalvaro in 1854, was for more than twenty days a fugitive, outlawed, baffled in all his attempts, and actually beaten in more than one encounter; and it is well known that both fortune and Spain declared in his favour in the end. The day, it is contended, is not lost for Prim either, and no one can say what may come to pass. It seems as if the Queen herself had some such apprehension of future contingencies, as she still obstinately resists the importunities of her advisers, who press her for her signature to the decree which is to declare Prim fallen from his rank and titles and placed out of the pale of the law.

The *Moniteur* of Monday morning, in its bulletin, says:—  
"No further doubts are entertained in Madrid that General Prim will be compelled either to surrender or to enter Portugal within the next three days."

#### GALLANT CAPTURE OF A SPANISH SHIP BY A CHILIAN STEAMER.

The first serious encounter between the Chilians and Spaniards took place on the 26th of November. The Chilean corvette *Esmeralda* left Valparaiso on the night of the 17th September, simultaneously with the appearance of the Spanish admiral's fleet in that port, and there were many conjectures as to where she had gone—some said to the Atlantic, some to Peru, and others thought she had gone to California. But it appears she had been lying *perdu* waiting for an opportunity. At any rate, on the 26th of November, she was near the port of Papudo, lying close under the land, distant only a few miles from Valparaiso. On that morning the Spanish despatch-boat *Virgen de Covadonga*, coming from Coquimbo and bound south, was about passing Papudo, when the *Esmeralda* sallied out, and at the distance of about five miles from the port met the *Virgen*, and a cannonade between them commenced, which was plainly heard by the people of Valparaiso, and by Admiral Pareja on board the flagship, the *Ville de Madrid*. The *Esmeralda* is a steam-corvette of about 900 tons, and carries 18 guns, 24 and 32-pounders. Her crew counted 123 men. The *Virgen* carried three rifled guns, one 32 and two 68-pounders, and 135 men. Fifteen shots were fired at a distance of little over half a mile by the *Esmeralda*, nearly all of which hit the *Virgen*, and one of which dismounted one of her guns. The *Virgen* threw nine shots, but her guns were so badly served that the *Esmeralda* did not suffer the slightest damage. The combat lasted twenty minutes, when the *Virgen* hauled down her flag, and was taken possession of by the *Esmeralda*. The Spanish vessel had two men killed and fourteen wounded. Eight officers and 115 men were landed and sent to Santiago, the capital, together with the correspondence of Admiral Pareja. A fine lot of small arms were taken by the captors. A few minutes after the surrender the *Esmeralda* steamed away with her prize, no one knows whither. The prisoners, instead of being maltreated, were treated with the greatest kindness, both by their captors and the populations through which they passed for the interior, and at Santiago a subscription was got up to supply their necessities and make them comfortable. The *Esmeralda* was commanded by John Williams, an Englishman. Her executive officer is an American by the name of Thompson. Both have resided a long time in Chili. All the officers have been promoted.

**DEATH OF SIR JAMES FREDERICK LOVE, G.C.B.**—We have to announce the death of General Sir James Frederick Love, who expired on Saturday last, at an advanced age. The deceased general commenced his military career as early as 1804, when he entered the army as ensign in the 52nd Regiment of Foot. In 1856 he was appointed colonel of the 57th Regiment of Foot, and in the following year was appointed inspector-general of infantry, with the rank of lieutenant-general. In 1864 he attained the rank of general, and on the death of Sir James Ferguson was appointed colonel of the 43rd Light Infantry. The deceased general was created a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order in 1831, and a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1856, and subsequently was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Bath. In recognition of his distinguished military services, he had received the silver war medal with four clasps for Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes D'Oñor, and Ciudad Rodrigo.

**IN THE LION'S JAWS.**—An alarming incident occurred at the Cirque Napoleon, Paris, during the performance of the wild beast-tamer Batty, while in a cage with five lions. He had placed his head in the mouth of a lioness, at the same time holding his hands behind his back, when a convulsive movement of the animal's jaws caused his teeth to inflict deep scratches on each side of the man's forehead, from which blood flowed profusely. A cry of horror arose from the spectators, and numbers made a rush to leave the building; but Batty, without losing his presence of mind, called for a pocket handkerchief, wiped the traces of the accident from his face, and then firing a revolver, to drive the animals from before the door of the cage, quietly withdrew to get his wounds dressed. The director has now decided that the part of the performance which consists of the tamer's head being introduced into the mouth of one of the animals shall henceforth be discontinued. The wounds turned out to be slight.

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**THE THEATRES.**—There is very little to record as yet in the theatrical world of London. We have given a review of all the pantomimes, and these are still merrily running. At COVENT GARDEN, the pantomime of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" is preceded by "Christmas Eve." At DREYER LANE, "Husbands Beware" is followed by "King Pippin," but Mr. Phelps is underlined for early reappearance. The HAYMARKET still crowds with "Brother Sam," "Orpheus in the Haymarket," and "My Husband's Ghost." The PRINCESS'S has "Quiet Lodgings" and "It is Never too Late to Mend;" the LYCUM, "The Illustrations of the Grotto;" and "The Master of Ravenswood;" the ADELPHI, "Behind the Time;" "Hip Van Winkle," and "The Steeplechase;" the OLYMPIC, "Harry Duncan" and "Princess Primrose;" the ST. JAMES'S, "The School for Scandal" and "Please Remember the Grotto;" the STRAND, "Nellie's Trials," the burlesque of "L'Africaine," and "Turn Him Out;" ASTLEY'S, "Old Daddy Longlegs and Little Bo-peep;" SURREY, "A Bird in the Hand Worth Two in the Bush" and "King Cress;" VICTORIA, "Simon the Thief" and "Harlequin Old Jeop;" SADLER'S WELLS, "Theresa" and "Cook-a-doodle-doo;" PRINCE OF WALES'S, "Little Don Giovanni," "Society," and "John Jones;" NEW ROYALTY, "Love's Limit," "Prometheus," and "The Secret;" CITY OF LONDON, "King Flame and then," and "The Secret;" BRITANNIA, "Old Daddy Longlegs and Sir Regent Circus" and "Jessie, the Mormon's Daughter;" STANDARD, "Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, Baker's Man;" GRECIAN, the pantomime of "The Bottle Imp" and "The Rent Day;" PAVILION, "Blue Beard" and a drama; EFFINGHAM, "Harlequin King Peewit" and "The Valley of Andorra;" ALEXANDRIA, a farce and the pantomime of "Blue Beard."

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—This popular place of amusement has been largely patronised throughout the whole of the holidays; and even during the late severe weather there was a large attendance. The pantomime, with Stead as the Clown, goes remarkably well; while the performance of Ricardo elicits a continuation of well-deserved applause.

**AGRICULTURAL HALL.**—With the exception of the several severe nights last week, there has been little diminution of the numbers visiting the attractive hippodrome scenes at this establishment; and Mr. James Henderson deserves the highest credit for his punctuality and spirit in bringing on the varied performances. On page 508 we give an equestrian portrait of Madame Tallot, who in her daring leaps, and in the fearless steeplechase riding, creates rounds of applause nightly. The scenes in the arena and the tournament are all kept up with the same spirit which characterized the first performance.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—The large company of Christy's Minstrels, nightly singing and performing here, are well worthy of a visit. Their harmonization, ballad singing, and instrumentation show them to be clever musicians, while their amusing "darky business," free from coarseness, creates roars of laughter.

**GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.**—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry have had crowds visiting their charming entertainments at this prettily decorated place of amusement. "A Peculiar Family," and "Mrs. Roselief's Little Evening Party," are as fresh as ever.

**EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Blodard still continues to astonish his visitors with his Indian Basket Trick and the Sphinx Mystery. He has been well supported throughout the holidays.

**ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.**—The Wandering Theatians have kindly offered an amateur performance, for the benefit of this institution, on Tuesday, the 23rd instant, at St. Martin's Hall. The pieces are "Still Waters Run Deep" and "Masks and Faces."

**DEATH OF MR. CATHCART.**—A favourite actor, who held a high position at the minor theatres, and enjoyed the respect and admiration of playgoers of the past generation, has just passed tranquilly away. Mr. Cathcart, whose professional career had been a long and varied one, running over nearly half a century, expired at Manchester on Sunday week, December 31st, 1865. Many will remember the time when he was acknowledged a Shakespearean actor of very high powers. Mr. Cathcart, who was in his sixty-sixth year, leaves a young widow and a large family to mourn his loss. The deceased was the father of Mr. R. Cathcart, of the Princess's Theatre.

**THE DANISH COURT.**—A Copenhagen letter has the subjoined:—"In well-informed political circles the marriage of the Princess Dagmar with the new Grand Duke, heir of Russia, brother of her former betrothed, is considered as certain; that union will be, adds the rumour, publicly announced on the termination of the present mourning. What appears to confirm this belief is that the princess, although nineteen years of age, has not yet been confirmed according to the Lutheran rite, in order to be able with more propriety to adopt the Greek religion. The King has entirely recovered from his severe attack of rheumatism. The Court has returned to the capital, after having celebrated the Christmas holidays at the Palace of Fredensborg. The young King of Greece is said to be expected at Copenhagen before long; he is stated to be tired out with disgust and vexation at seeing his good intentions so ill rewarded. Every one here deplors his situation, as he is loved by all parties for his frank and open character."

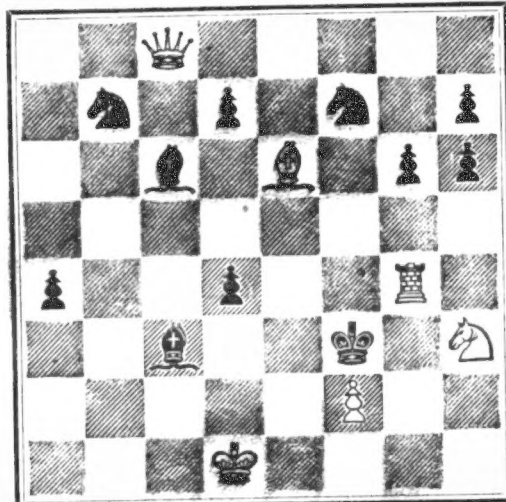
**AN INCIDENT IN THE TRANSIT OF HER MAJESTY'S MAIL.**—Though there has been regular steam communication for nearly twelve months betwixt Kirkwall and the North Isles, her Majesty's mails, it is well known, are still carried in sailing vessels to the several islands. The captain of the Wyvern, who has the contract for Westray, thinking that he could do that business more expeditiously and cheaply by using the steamer than by employing his own packet, quietly took a passage in the Orca last week with the mail-bag, intending to return the same way. The fact became known to Captain Robinson, who, as soon as her Majesty's postal commissioner made his appearance at the steamer's side, coolly informed him that though he could carry himself to Westray, he could not undertake the responsibility of the mail bags. The discomfited official had to look elsewhere for a passage, and as all the larger boats were already engaged, the bags were delayed for some time in Kirkwall, and ultimately had to find their way to Westray by the Sunday packet, via Eday. As Captain Robinson himself applied for the mail contract and was refused it, it is too much to expect him to do for nothing what other men are paid for doing.—*Orca*

**MANSLAUGHTER ON BOARD SHIP.**—On Monday, at the Portland Police-court, Frederick Marquart, a sailor on board the Catherine, brigantine, lying in Portland Harbour, was charged with the manslaughter of a comrade named Franz Schroder. From the evidence it appeared that on the previous Thursday evening some words passed between the men in the fore-cabin. The deceased, who was a very powerful man, took off his jacket and wanted to fight Marquart. The latter seemed reluctant to enter into such a contest, and the deceased seized his comrade and pushed him upon his bunk, or berth. Marquart then caught hold of the deceased's head, drew his knife, and stabbed him in the neck, making a wound two inches deep, and causing the death of the deceased in a short time. The prisoner was committed for trial on the charge of manslaughter. A verdict of manslaughter was also returned against the prisoner at the coroner's inquest on Saturday last.

**BEYOND ALL COMPETITION.**—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—(Advertisement.)

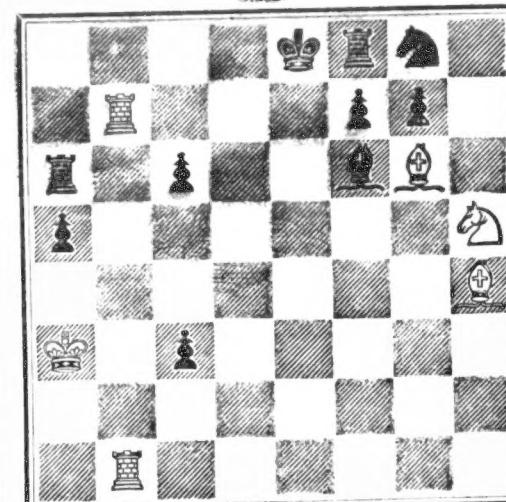
## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 326.—By Mr. T. SMITH.  
Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in four moves.  
One of the compelling Problems in the Paris Journey.

PROBLEM No. 317.—By Mr. W. S. LESTER (of Manchester).  
Black.



White.  
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Herr Kolisch and Herr Paulsen

- | White               | Black               |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Herr Kolisch.       | Herr Paulsen        |
| 1. P to K 4         | 1. P to K 4         |
| 2. P to Q 4         | 2. P takes P        |
| 3. K B to B 4       | 3. K Kt to B 3      |
| 4. K Kt to B 3      | 4. Kt takes P       |
| 5. Q takes P        | 5. K Kt to B 8      |
| 6. Castles          | 6. P to Q 4         |
| 7. B to Q 3         | 7. B to K 2         |
| 8. Q B to Kt 5      | 8. Castles          |
| 9. Q Kt to B 3      | 9. B to K 3         |
| 10. Q to K R 4      | 10. P to K Kt 3     |
| 11. K R to K square | 11. Q Kt to B 8     |
| 12. B to Kt 5       | 12. K Kt to R 4 (a) |
| 13. B takes Kt      | 13. B takes B       |
| 14. Kt takes B      | 14. P takes B       |
| 15. P to K Kt 4 (b) | 15. P to K R 3 (c)  |
| 16. P takes Kt      | 16. P takes K       |
| 17. Q to Kt 8       | 17. B to B 4        |
| 18. Kt to K 2       | 18. P to Q B 4      |
| 19. P to Q B 8      | 19. B to K square   |
| 20. P to K B 4      | 20. P to Kt 5       |
| 21. P takes P       | 21. P takes P       |
| 22. Q to B 2 (d)    | 22. Q to Q 3        |
| 23. Kt to Kt 3      | 23. B to Q 2        |
| 24. R to K 5        | 24. R takes R       |
| 25. P takes R       | 25. Q takes P       |
| 26. Q takes P       | 26. R to K B square |
| 27. R to K B square | 27. R takes R (ch)  |
| 28. Kt takes R (e)  | 28. P to R 3        |
| 29. Kt to K 3       | 29. B to K 3        |
| 30. Q to Q 4        | 30. Q to Kt 4       |

DRAWN GAME.

(a) A good reply to White's last move. The game now becomes very animated and interesting.

(b) A hazardous move, but the only means of keeping up the attack.

(c) The only reply.

(d) All these moves are very carefully played on both sides.

(e) The game is now drawn almost to a certainty, as it does not appear that Black can gain anything by P to Kt 6.

**PRIVILEGE AMONG CABMEN.**—Rank and privilege are commonly associated the one with the other, every where, except on the cabstandings of the metropolis. The railway companies, being large corporations, are permitted to violate those provisions of the Hackney Carriage Acts which direct that cabs shall stand waiting to be hired only at such places as the police commissioners determine. The companies establish, for the public convenience, illegal standings at the several termini, and, with the view of swelling the dividends, they tax the cabmen for the privilege of plying illegally for hire. The cabmen share, however, in the "dividends," at the London-bridge terminus. The "whip" who has by hours of patient waiting come at length to be the first in rank, has at one time in the day the extraordinary privilege of conveying the railway money-bags, each fully as heavy as a man can fairly carry, and two men in charge of the treasure, from the railway to the banker's, in Birchin-lane; and for this service, which, in the blockade of the City streets, occupies often the greater portion of an hour, the generous reward is—*ninence!*—*South London Chronicle.*



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
MANSION HOUSE.

**PURSUIT OF A FORGER.**—On the 16th of December a warrant was placed in the hands of Haydon, the detective officer, for the apprehension of a young man named Robert Buxton, who had been clerk to Mr. Freiligh, a foreign merchant, carrying on business at Royal Exchange-buildings. It appeared that Buxton had forged a cheque for £850 upon the City Bank, where his master keeps an account, and obtained the money. He sailed in the Saxonia on the 13th of December for New York, and the forgery was discovered almost immediately afterwards; and on the 16th Haydon sailed in the Australasian, armed with a warrant for the apprehension of the prisoner. Although the last-mentioned vessel had a very bad passage she gained a day and half upon the Saxonia, and arrived at New York on the 29th of December. Haydon at once instituted the necessary inquiries, and traced the fugitive to New Jersey, and he was apprehended at that place by one of the United States marshals. The prisoner was subsequently examined before a judge having cognizance of such matters, and remanded. He had previously handed over to the officer a sum of over £600; and upon the next examination, as it turned out that the necessary proceedings to justify the extradition of the prisoner had not been completed, the charge was not pressed, and the prisoner was set at liberty, and Haydon returned to England with the money the prisoner had given to him. Haydon now communicated to Alderman Finnis, the magistrate who had granted the warrant, the above particulars, and he was congratulated by him upon the successful result of his expedition, at all events so far as related to the recovery of so large a portion of the money that was the produce of the forged cheque.

## BOW-STREET.

**A LAD OF SENSE AND SPIRIT.**—Robert Boursnell, who described himself as a photographer, was charged with attempting to obtain £80 in bank notes from John Kirk. The prosecutor, a boy of about fifteen years of age, said he was clerk to Messrs. Bayford, solicitors, Doctors'-commons, and was sent to the Temple-bar branch of the London and Westminster Bank to get a cheque for £90 cashed. He received in change £80 in notes and £10 in gold. He placed the money in his trousers pocket, keeping his hand upon it, and was proceeding to Somerset House to purchase a probate stamp, the price of which was £90, when the prisoner stopped him at the corner of Essex-street, and said, "Give me back those notes; the numbers have not been taken correctly," at the same time taking out his pencil and note-book. Witness, not having seen the witness before, thought he should not be justified in giving up the notes. He asked the prisoner if he came from the bank. The prisoner replied in the affirmative. Witness then asked prisoner if he meant the London and Westminster Bank, to which also he replied, "Yes." Witness refused to give up the notes, but proposed to go back to the bank with the prisoner, who assented to that suggestion, and proceeded a short distance towards the bank holding witness by the arm. On coming near the bank, however, he said, "You go on into the bank; I will be with you in a moment." Witness, however, refused to let him go, and now caught him by the arm. The prisoner tried hard to get away, and they struggled together through Devereux-court into Essex-street, where a strange gentleman came to witness's assistance and called a constable, who took the prisoner in custody. Sir Thomas Henry observed that the boy had acted with considerable discretion. The prisoner's story was a very plausible one, and well calculated to deceive the lad, who, if he had yielded to it, and had given up the notes, would have subjected his employers to a loss of £80. Joseph Cook, a compositor, engaged at the *Observer* newspaper office, stated that he saw the boy struggling with the prisoner in Essex-street. He called a policeman (Jupp, 24 F), who took the prisoner in custody. Inspector Parker said the prisoner, when brought to the station, stated that he went to the bank with a friend to cash a cheque for 30s. The prisoner said he was the worse for liquor, and asked for the notes "more out of a lark than anything else." The constable said he was quite sober. He was committed for trial.

**ASSAULT IN A MUSIC-HALL.**—George Moore, check-taker at the Strand Music-hall, was charged with assaulting Thomas Mason, a master cabinet-maker. Complainant stated that on Tuesday night week he took his wife, her sister, and a child to the Strand Music-hall. After they had been in the balcony about an hour and a half, there was a disturbance in the area below, and the persons who caused it were put out. He went to the bottom of the balcony stairs to see the people put out. As he was returning the defendant demanded his check. Witness replied that he had not one, and did not want one, having paid when he entered the house, and not having been out. Witness also said that his friends were up-stairs, and that he had ordered three glasses of grog for which the waiter was then expecting payment. The defendant insisted on payment, and would not let him go up without. He insisted on going up, and a struggle followed between witness and the defendant, who was assisted by the other check-takers. Witness's shirt and waistcoat were torn open. Ultimately he was allowed to return to the house, and saw the head waiter, who said he was sorry for what had occurred. He said he should require more apology than this, and requested to see the proprietor. He paid 6d. extra to go to the hall to see the manager, but could not find him. He ascertained the proprietor's name, and wrote to him next day stating the facts, and saying that if the matter was not amicably settled he should take proceedings. The defendant said that immediately after the persons who had made a disturbance were expelled, he saw the complainant come in at the double doors at the entrance. He asked complainant for his check. Complainant said he had paid, and his friends were within. Witness drew his attention to a large placard, on which was printed the notice—"No re-admission without repayment," and explained that no pass tickets were issued. Moore called as a witness a gentleman who had been in the upper boxes, and was passing down stairs at the time. He partly corroborated Moore, but was unable to speak to the material question whether complainant had passed in through the entrance door. Mr. Vaughan said there was the positive oath of complainant that he had not been out of the house. If not, the notice did not apply, and the check-taker ought not to have excluded the complainant, and must, therefore, be convicted of the assault. He might easily have made inquiries whether it was true that complainant's friends were in the gallery, and that they had some liquor which he had ordered. Moore reiterated his statement that Mr. Mason came in from the street. Mr. Vaughan said that statement was not upheld by evidence, while that of the complainant was made on oath. The defendant must pay 1s. fine, or be imprisoned for seven days. That sum was paid, and the defendant left the court.

## WESTMINSTER

**A TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN IN HIS OURS.**—Alfred Pike, a man about 30 years of age, was charged under the following circumstances. Police-constable Hunt, 261 A, said that on Saturday night he was called to the Gun Tavern, Lupus-street, Pimlico, to remove the prisoner, who was creating a disturbance there. Prisoner declared he would not go until he had something to drink, when complainant informed him that the landlord would not serve him as he was drunk. Complainant got prisoner out once, but he returned, and then on complainant endeavouring to remove him he struck him violently. Complainant then drew his truncheon, thinking that that would deter him from further violence, but he only became

worse than before. He was at last got to the station. Prisoner said he was drunk; that he did not remember anything that had occurred. Mr. F. Matthews, the landlord of the house, said that the prisoner came in last Saturday night. He refused to serve him because he was drunk, and he then became very outrageous and violent, and the constable was fetched. Mr. Selfe: Is anything known of the prisoner? Inspector Humphries: He is a convict on leave. I have known him for years. He is doing his very best by honest industry to retrieve his character. He works very hard at his trade. The offences for which he was sent away was maliciously wounding. There is only seven days unexpired of his term. Mr. Selfe (to prisoner): Your conduct is extremely foolish, as your penalty is still hanging over you. The circumstance of refusing to leave the house when desired renders you liable to a penalty of 40s. I am very glad to hear you are working hard for your living, but I cannot pass over this offence. You are committed for fourteen days.

**THE MATRIMONIAL CAUSES ACT.**—A middle-aged woman, fashionably attired, came to the court and applied to the magistrate for a protection order. Mr. Arnold: You wish for an order to protect your property? Applicant: Both my property and my life. Mr. Arnold: I cannot grant you an order for the protection of your life; that must be protected by process of another character altogether. The order I can make must be for the protection of your property alone. Has your husband deserted you? Applicant: Yes. Mr. Arnold: Where is he? Applicant: At home, now. Mr. Arnold: Then I cannot grant you a protection order. Applicant: But he has deserted me; he left me for ten months. Mr. Arnold: You should have applied here while he was away. Applicant: He came back unexpectedly. I intended to have come. His return cannot prevent my having a protection order, I should think. Mr. Arnold: As I understand the law, it does. Your husband must be away from you at the time the order is granted. You say that at present your husband is living with you. Applicant: Yes; he has returned, and that is the greater reason why I want protection. I am obliged to fly from home for my life. Mr. Arnold: That is entirely a different matter, and calls for the exercise of the law which protects the person. What has he done to you? Applicant: A month ago he knocked me about, and threatened my life. Mr. Arnold: Why have you not complained sooner? Applicant: He made me so ill that for some time I really could not. Mr. Arnold: Has he ill-used you since? Applicant: Yes; last night. Mr. Arnold: Did he beat you? Applicant: Mutilated me—absolutely mutilated me, as I can show. He kicked me, and struck me violently on the head. He threatened me fearfully. Mr. Arnold: Do you want him punished for the assault, or do you want him held to bail to keep the peace towards you? Applicant: I want protection from him. I don't want him with me. I am afraid of him. I have settled some property on him. Mr. Arnold: Do you apprehend from his threats and conduct that he will do you grievous bodily harm? Applicant: I apprehend murder. Mr. Arnold: Take a peace-warrant.

**ROBBERIES IN DWELLING-HOUSES.**—John and Elizabeth Kirby, man and wife, keepers of a brotrel in Upper Stamford-street, Blackfriars, were charged, the man with being concerned in robberies at the houses of Mrs. Almeida Seymour Barrington, of No. 16, Walton Villas, Brompton, where £200 worth of property was stolen, and Mr. James Mortimer Garrard, jeweller, No. 13, St. George's-road, Pimlico; and the woman with receiving the property, well knowing it to have been stolen. The facts of the case are briefly these. About five weeks ago the house of Mrs. Barrington was broken into by means of skeleton keys, and the property stolen, consisting of ladies' clothing, jewellery, and some property of Lord Beaforth's. A man named Swyer was shortly after apprehended, and now awaits his trial, not for the robbery at Mrs. Barrington's, but for the robbery at Mr. Garrard's shortly before. Mr. Garrard's servant was proceeding down stairs when she fancied there was a strange smell in her master's dressing-room, and on proceeding thither met a man, dressed in her master's coat. This man answered the description of Swyer, and the coat was afterwards found in his possession; but there was no positive evidence that he was the man, the servant being frightened at the time. The police having been communicated with in both cases, it was soon found that Swyer had been cohabiting with a woman named Cartledge, at Upper Stamford-street, and the house and occupants being watched until Swyer was committed, information was given to the police, and they proceeded to a pawnbroker's in the Blackfriars-road, where a cameo brooch was found belonging to Mr. Garrard, pawned by Kirby for £1. A dress was also found, belonging to Mrs. Barrington, at Mr. Burgess's, 73, Waterloo-road, supposed to have been pawned by the woman Cartledge. Kirby was then taken into custody and remanded, and his wife was taken yesterday and examined with him. On Boxing-day, however, a person called and asked for the goods that were left, and threatened that if they were not given to him he would inform. Kirby admitted pawning the brooch, but alleged that Swyer sent him to pledge it. They were remanded for a week. Bail refused.

## CLERKENWELL.

**CONFESSION OF ROBBERY.**—Joseph Clayton, aged 22, a gold watch case-maker, who gave his address 4, Gifford-street, Kingsland-road, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with being concerned with Ann Smith, now in custody, in stealing from the person of Richard Gillet, at Goswell-road, St. Luke's, one dozen silver watchcases, the property of Mr. B. H. Jones. The prisoner was further charged with having in his possession twenty-two duplicates relating to gold rings, &c., supposed to be stolen. Mr. Ricketts, solicitor, defended. The case was put into court on Thursday week, when the woman was taken into custody. It then appeared that a boy was passing the corner of Perival-street, when the woman went to him and asked him to go on an errand for her. At that time he had in his possession a bag containing one dozen silver watchcases. While the woman was speaking to him, according to his statement, she placed a rag in front of his nose which smelt very strongly of physic, and he soon became insensible. When he came to himself he called for assistance, and was told that the woman had run down a yard. He went there, but could not see her. A policeman also came up, and made a search, but he could not see anything of the woman. The constable then left for the purpose of getting a candle, and on his return he met a woman coming up the yard. This woman had on neither bonnet, shawl, nor crinoline, and, seeing the constable, she asked him what was the matter, at the same time telling him that she resided at the house where the clothes were hanging out to dry. The constable took her to the house in question, and finding that her story was not correct, took her into custody. On making a search he found the stolen watchcases, as well as other missing articles. The male prisoner at that time made his escape, but was apprehended by Police-constable Miller, 148 G. The prisoner was taken to the Old-street Police-station, and when the charge was read over to him by Inspector Fyfe, he made the following confession, which was reduced to writing and signed by him:—

"I wish to take the whole blame on myself. The girl did nothing but by my instructions. We both went to the corner of Perival-street, when we saw some boys coming along. I said to her, 'These boys have got something from Goldsmith's Hall; you had better go and try.' She left me and followed them. When within two yards of Wivayt-street she stopped the boy. What she said was done by my instructions. She was to send the boy on an errand. The boy and the girl came back to the corner of Bakers-street, when I saw her run away. Nothing was put in the boy's face. I suspected she had the bag, and I thought she went across King-square; but

she went down the yard. I went in search of her, and saw her in custody of two policemen, and what she did was done by my directions."

The prisoner, previous to his statement being taken down, was cautioned that what he did say would be taken down in writing, and would be used in evidence against him at his trial, but he said he did not care for that, and persisted in making and signing his deposition. The prisoner denied that there was any truth in the boy's statement that he had had either chloroform or physic put to his face. He was not molested in that way at all. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was a case he could not decide, and that the prisoners would be committed to the sessions for trial.

**A GROSS CASE OF CRUELTY.**—James Stephens, aged 15, a carman, of 1, High-street, Kingsland, was charged before Mr. Barker, with cruelly ill-treating and torturing a horse by working it whilst in an unfit condition. These proceedings were instituted by Mr. Love, the chief officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and it appeared that on Monday a police sergeant saw the defendant driving a horse and van, belonging to D'Aughlish's Aerated Bread Company. The horse appeared in great pain, and had several wounds on its body. Just under the collar was a large wound, from which blood and matter were running, and the collar was covered with filth. When the prisoner was spoken to about the horse, he said he was sent out with it, and knew that it was in a bad state, but he could not help it. Some of the wounds on the horse were of long standing, and the horse was in such a state that it was quite unfit to work. The prisoner said he was sorry for what he had done, and if he was allowed to go this time he would not work the horse again until it was well. Mr. Barker said this was a very bad case, and ordered the prisoner to pay a fine of 20s., or in default fourteen days' imprisonment in the House of Correction. The fine was paid.

**A NICE COUPLE.**—John Pickett and Susan Pickett, man and wife, the woman having an infant in her arms, were charged with being drunk and disorderly and begging at Camden-town. The evidence of Police-constables Cherry, 94 N, and Cole, 57 N, was that on Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, they saw the two defendants with their four children, in Crowndale-row, begging of every respectable person who passed. When the children did not get anything both the defendants beat them. They were ordered away, and were followed. As the defendants were drunk, and again begged, they were taken into custody. The children were conveyed to the workhouse, and warmly housed and clothed. The defendants are known to be in a public-house all day, and to wait there while their children beg and bring them money to pay for drink. The defendants said all that the constable had stated was false. Police-sergeant Parry, 14 Y, said that a short time since the defendants came in possession of £200, and from the time they got the money they were never sober. They were turned out of house and home, by their landlord, and since their money was spent they had got their livelihood in the manner described by the officers. They had no settled place of residence, and of a night slept in the casual wards of the different workhouses. Mr. Barker sentenced the defendants to fourteen days' hard labour, and directed the children to be taken to St. Pancras Workhouse.

## MARYLEBONE.

**BREAKING INTO A CHURCH.**—Frederick Nakiel, aged 34, of no fixed residence, a foreigner, was charged before Mr. Knox with breaking into St. Mary and the Angels Catholic Church, Westminster-place, Westbourne-grove. Edwin Mansfield said: About twelve last night I was awake by the smashing of glass close by the little gallery where I sleep in the church, and gave the alarm to the Father Rector. We saw two men in the church, one of whom went out of the window. I went into the garden and called out "Stop thief" and "Police," and the prisoner was caught. The Reverend Thomas Dillon, the rector, stated: I went into the gallery, and looked under last witness's bed, and there saw the prisoner, whom I pulled out. There was a small lamp burning there. He said he could not speak English. I understood him to say he came with another. He had very little to say. We found a box containing money, broken open, but could not say whether any money had been abstracted. They broke into the church by a side window. Sergeant Trafford, 6 X: The prisoner can speak English. Half an hour before this occurrence I saw him, and he said to me, "Policeman, it is too wet for you to be out in." He had an umbrella up. Mr. Dillon: About six months ago our church was broken into and money stolen. A few weeks after that a Catholic church at Brompton was broken into and robbed, and the prisoner answered the description of the man then seen. Arthur Woodman, 83 X, went to look over the church, and found a powerful "jemmy" under the bed, and also a screwdriver by the broken window. The money-box had apparently been broken open with the "jemmy." Prisoner said he left the "jemmy" under the bed, but the other man broke the box open and left the screwdriver behind. Mr. Knox remanded the prisoner.

## WORSHIP STREET.

**A RAILWAY GUARD STEALING FROM A TRAIN.**—Thomas Davey, a guard working on the Woolwich line of railway, was charged with stealing from a luggage van, while on transit between Mile-end and Ipswich. Twist, a railway detective, stated: Yesterday morning I entered the back compartment of a second-class carriage in the 7.15 parliamentary, from London, to Colchester, &c. Immediately next to it was the luggage break-van, and my instructions were to watch it. I got in at the Bishopsgate terminus, and on reaching the Mile-end Station, the first at which the train stops, I distinctly felt a vibration of the buffers, as though some person was treading on them to pass over into the six-foot way or middle of the line. I looked through the window, and although nearly dark perceived a man close to the luggage-van, standing as if privately engaged. As the train began to move off, however, he suddenly unhooked the door of the van, entered, and closed it. Just as the train entered Stratford, the door was again opened, and he alighted with a basket and bundle, which he did not have when he entered, and made his way across to the opposite platform. I followed and called to him, said I wished to see the contents of his luggage, took him into a second-class carriage and found the bundle contained a sailor's jacket, and the basket a pair of boots. He said all were his own property, and that he was going to take them to Woolwich. I conveyed him back to London, and gave him up to my superintendent. He wore his guard's uniform. John Lewin and James Mlme, both sailors, identified the jacket and the boots as their property. They had seen their luggage placed safely in the break-van mentioned. Mr. Kent, superintendent of police on the Great Eastern line, said there had been robberies, and he felt convinced that some person not likely to be suspected was guilty. The prisoner entered the company's service as a porter about six years ago, and had been a guard on the Woolwich line about eight months. He was one of the last men who, from his apparent good conduct, could be supposed guilty of stealing. When the prisoner was told that two sailors had claimed the property and were coming to London, he admitted having taken it from the van, declaring at the same time it was his first offence. Prisoner: It is, I assure you, sir; and I am very sorry for what I have done. The magistrate: Robberies by servants are at all times great offences. A certain amount of confidence must necessarily be placed in such persons, and where they succeed in avoiding detection, suspicion, and at times the worst results, follow to those who are perfectly innocent. Yours is an especially bad case, and but for these sailors having to proceed immediately to sea, thereby rendering it impossible for them to attend before a jury, I would most certainly send you for trial, if only as a warning to others. As it is you must go for six months' hard labour.



## RABBIT SHOOTING.

A STEADY hand and a ready eye are essentially necessary for a good use of the gun, and these may generally be obtained by smart practice. The most approved method of shooting quick is to keep both eyes open, as an aim from the right shoulder comes to the same point as one taken with the left eye shut. For rabbit shooting the aim should be between the animal's ears, and the gun discharged the moment it is brought to the sight; this will frequently prevent the rabbit from escaping into a furze bush.

With some sportsmen, rabbit-shooting is a favourite pastime; and it requires practice to become a good shot, the rabbits, from their undulatory motion, being hard to hit in the right place, and it is considered unsportsmanlike to mangle the body. Rabbits are divided into four kinds—warreners, parkers, hedgehogs, and sweethearts. The first is the local inhabitant of the subterranean caverns burrowed in a convenient place, where immense numbers assemble together, and very soon increase and multiply. The warrener is less effeminate than the roaming rabbit, and his fur is more esteemed for hat-making than that of the others; he is rather shy, but in quiet places immense numbers of them may be seen at early dawn, and at the closing of day, feeding, and playing amongst the herbage; but they will instantly disappear at the slightest alarm. The parker takes his name from his attachment to parks and gentlemen's pleasure-grounds, where he breeds to a great extent; and frequently by the force of numbers drives away the hares. Foxes are generally to be found in the vicinity of rabbit burrows, where they commit considerable havoc amongst the young, who are tempted to visit the surface; and it is a curious spectacle to witness the arts of sly Reynard to secure his prey. The hedgehog rabbit adheres to no particular locality, but wanders about the country, and injuries and habits manifest more of confidence than the rest. The parker is readily shot, as his habits manifest more of confidence than the rest. The hedgehog is bold but vigilant, and it is somewhat difficult to get a good aim at him. The latter does not breed so abundantly as the other two. The name of sweetheart is given to the tame rabbit, of which there is a great variety; but their fur is generally too soft and silky for the hat manufacturer.

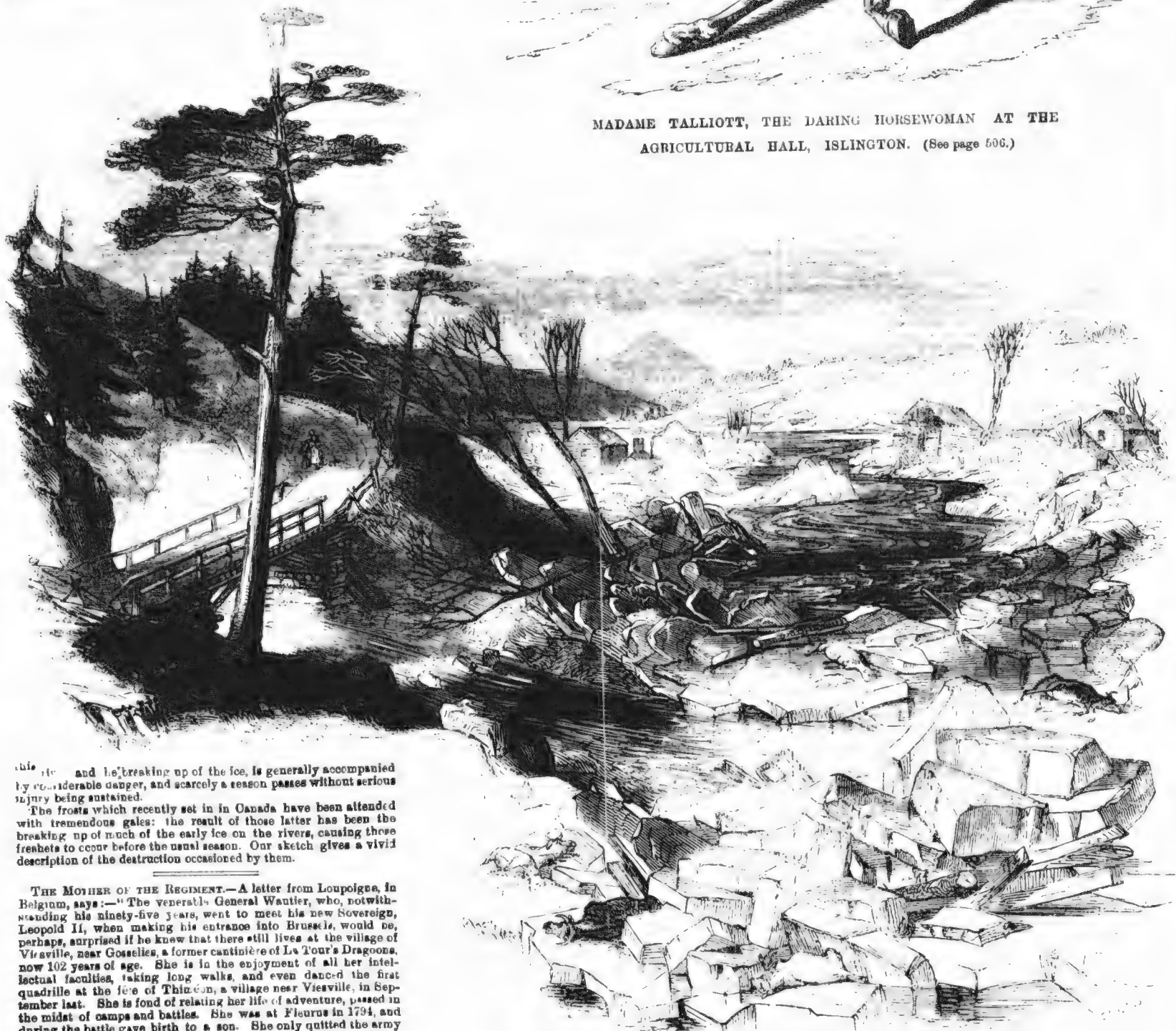
A doe, when six months old, will commence breeding, and her period of gestation is thirty-one days. The best breeding rabbits are those which kindle in March. The doe makes her own bed by chewing hay into soft small pieces, and lining the nest with its own fur, which nature has instructed her to tear from her body. The number produced at a birth is generally from five to ten, and the wild animals would become a great nuisance to the farmers, but for the means that are adopted to clear them away; and at the proper season the gunner will find excellent sport.

## FLOOD AND FRESHET IN HUDSON RIVER.

THE Hudson is a river of the United States in New York, and one of the best for navigation in America. It runs in the mountainous regions on the west of Lake Champlain, and pursuing a course of more than 300 miles, communicates with the Atlantic below the city of New York, above which it is navigable for large sloops to Albany, a distance of 160 miles. In the commencement of spring the swelling of



MADAME TALLIOTT, THE DARING HORSEWOMAN AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON. (See page 506.)



this, and the breaking up of the ice, is generally accompanied by considerable danger, and scarcely a season passes without serious injury being sustained.

The frosts which recently set in in Canada have been attended with tremendous gales: the result of those latter has been the breaking up of much of the early ice on the rivers, causing these freshets to occur before the usual season. Our sketch gives a vivid description of the destruction occasioned by them.

THE MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT.—A letter from Loupigne, in Belgium, says:—"The venerable General Wantier, who, notwithstanding his ninety-five years, went to meet his new Sovereign, Leopold II, when making his entrance into Brussels, would be, perhaps, surprised if he knew that there still lives at the village of Vierville, near Gosselies, a former cantinière of La Tour's Dragoons, now 102 years of age. She is in the enjoyment of all her intellectual faculties, taking long walks, and even danced the first quadrille at the fête of Thizéon, a village near Vierville, in September last. She is fond of relating her life of adventure, passed in the midst of camps and battles. She was at Fleurus in 1794, and during the battle gave birth to a son. She only quitted the army after the death of her husband to return to her native village."

CANADIAN ICE FRESHET.



## Literature.

BOW BELLS (Part XVII), January, 1866. Price Sevenpence. London: J. Hicks, 318, Strand.—However attractive the previous parts of this popular magazine may have been, we think we must give the palm to the one before us, issued with the New Year. To enumerate the whole of its contents here would be occupying too much of our space. We have only to say that there are the continuous tales of "Better Late than Never," "Voices from the Lumber-Room," "The Third Finger of the Left-Hand," and others of domestic and romantic interest. The Portraits and Memoirs, Fine Art selections and Picturesque Sketches, are beautifully executed, while the novelties in Needlework and Wax-work Modelling are fully up to any previous numbers. Add to all these, a stirring two-page valise, by Godfrey; a song, written and composed by Samuel Lover; a piece of music by Wallace; and a sweet song, called the "Silver Echo," and we have an extraordinary literary production, astonishing at the price. But there is far more to be enumerated: the columns devoted to amusement, practical receipts, ladies' toilet, &c., are teeming with interest and information. Then we have an extra Christmas number, entitled "The Sealed Packet, and What was in it," comprising six ably-written stories, by most eminent lady writers, including a poem by Eliza Cook; and a rare budget of Christmas games and amusements. But we will enumerate no farther. Our readers should purchase the part, and judge for themselves. We must not omit mentioning, however, that Mrs. Winstanley, the popular authoress of "Twenty Straws," "The Home Angel," "Voices from the Lumber Room," &c., commences a new novel in the present part, which, for pathos and interest, will be found to equal any other of this lady's works. We will select the first chapter as a specimen, which introduces us to the heroine, and shows how she obtained the distinctive title of

## THE HUMMING-BIRD.

"It is at the request of one whom I love that I now 'take up my pen' in order to chronicle the chapters of my past eventful life—to lay bare all the disappointments, struggles, privations, and troubles which have agitated it. But I have promised to perform the task honestly, and I will do so, although he, my best friend and com-

tried to comfort my mother by saying that he did so. And, gentle and affectionate being as she was, she helped him to bear all his disappointments—smoothing his rough path of life with her soft smiles and tender words—consoling him with her heart's entire devotion.

They were very happy with one another; there had been a love-match in every sense of the word; and the feeling which had influenced my mother to abandon a luxurious home to wed a penniless young actor, had grown stronger with her every added year of widowhood. She was an excellent mother; and, although she was highly educated and accomplished, she was one of the most domesticated women in existence. My father deemed himself blest in possessing her, and the children she bore to him he held as his greatest earthly treasures.

I was the youngest of those children; and, being such, was much caressed by my parents, who, loving all their little ones dearly, certainly loved me the best. I was such a sharp, clever little creature, they used to say—catching up all the tunes I heard, and humming them with marvellous correctness, amusing and astonishing all who listened to me.

Encouraged by those who heard me warble forth my ditties, I daily improved the wondrous gift I possessed. My voice was like a flute, clear and true, and of remarkable flexibility—performing the most difficult passages with the precision and delicacy of an artist, every note distinctly and gracefully rendered.

At length a report of my vocal talents reached the ears of my many green-room patronesses, whose great delight it was to perch me on the top of a table to sing to them, "Oh, give me back my Arab steed!" and a score of other compositions, which I sang with amazing fidelity and expression.

She, amongst my many patronesses whom I cared for most, was a brilliant, beautiful woman, who always called me the "Humming-bird;" by which name, at first, in merry jest, and afterwards by force of habit, my father learned to address me.

Then, my brothers and sisters caught up my new title, and, by and by, I was called "Humming-bird" throughout the whole house.

As in those days it did not trouble me howsoever I was addressed, I answered cheerfully to my novel appellation, reflecting nothing wherefore such had been bestowed upon me.

One day, my patroness (whom I will call Mrs. Honeyvale) said to my father, "Mr. Clareborough, you have a treasure in that little

have done so, and I beg your pardon! Now, listen to me for a few seconds. I am a childless widow; extravagant to a positive fault, spending in gloves alone a shameful sum. My salary is fifty pounds a week; yet, would you believe me, I cannot at this instant lay my hands on a single ten-pound note? But that fact gives me no trouble, as I soon shall be married again to a rich man—Sir William Allensby. Now, Mr. Clareborough, seeing that I cannot command a sufficient sum of ready money to make a little present to Humming-bird, is it anything very monstrous for me to present her with one of my costly rings—for which I do not care a pin—in order that you may procure the means of buying a piano for her use, and of hiring a master to instruct her? Oh, Mr. Clareborough, make me happy by accepting what I offer to you; and let Birdie begin taking singing lessons at once!"

"Mrs. Honeyvale," said he, "I am truly grateful to you for your womanly charity towards my little daughter; whom, notwithstanding that she shows considerable talent, I hesitate at educating for the stage. I should not like to have her exposed to the disappointments and harasses of a professional life. I would rather see her stand behind a shop-counter all the day long, measuring out ribbons and tapes, than watch her endeavouring to amuse a gaping throng of people, who all look down upon the actress, as being something far beneath themselves!"

"Ah, Mr. Clareborough, that is only taking a view of one side of the picture—the dark side, of course! A deserving actress may command respect wherever she goes, and from all classes—from the lowest and the highest. Mr. Clareborough," Mrs. Honeyvale continued, very seriously, and with much feeling as well, "heaven has bestowed upon your child one of its rarest gifts. Will you refuse to cultivate that gift—will you be unthankful to heaven?"

My father, who was much moved by her words, sat clasping and unclasping his cold hands, unable to reply.

"There is a professor of music and of languages whom I should very much like to recommend to you," proceeded the actress; "he is a clever, conscientious man, who will do his duty to his pupil—who will earn every penny that is paid him. Professor Frederic is a German, extremely eccentric in many ways; but he is a diamond in the rough, not the less valuable because he has not received the requisite polish. I will write to him, instructing him to call upon you, Mr. Clareborough—"

"Really!" interrupted my father, growing alarmed at the mention of a "professor."



THE "HUMMING-BIRD'S" PARTING KISS.

forter, may condemn many of the acts which I shall be compelled to register here against myself.

My father—all honoured be his name—was an actor. He was a clever man in his profession, and was far from being a dunce out of it. But, as is too often the case, he could never get a chance of properly displaying his peculiar talents on the London boards; he was either being kept in the background, or shelved entirely. At the time of my birth, he was attached to the company at the Haymarket Theatre, playing any parts the manager chose to cast him—growing in spirit night after night, a five-years' engagement, together with a delicate wife, compelling him to bear all without a murmur of complaint.

He had a very small salary, and a family of five children to support out of it. But my dear mother was industrious and economical, and made the very best of our limited income. Nevertheless, there was much pinching to make all ends meet.

I came into this world on a Christmas Eve, just thirty years ago. My father, who had been engaged at the night-rehearsal of a new Christmas piece, came home half an hour after my birth. I was his fifth child, another burden added to his over-loaded shoulders; yet he welcomed me fondly, and blessed me as he took me in his arms.

"A Christmas gift, bestowed by heaven!" he said, in a choked voice, as he restored me to my nurse's care. "We will call her Mary," he added, addressing his wife, "in remembrance of the mother of Him who suffered for us all."

"Mary is a pretty name," agreed my mother, from behind her bed-curtains. "Mary Clareborough is a very pretty name, indeed."

And such, in due time, I was christened.

My memory—which is a wondrously retentive one—carries me back to a period when I was only four years old, when a certain great actor used to bear me on his shoulder in the play, as Orla's child. I was then the pet of the green-room, where many a pair of sweet feminine lips, now mouldering in the grave, were pressed to mine; and scores of oaks and tarts were thrust into my chubby little hands, greasing my best frocks, and much endangering my healthful digestion.

My father was still struggling on, still acting subordinate parts at a low salary; the opportunity he so longed for never presenting itself. But he continued to hope for brighter days—at least, he

girl of yours. Take care of her, for I prophesy for the Humming-bird a great and brilliant future."

"In what respect, dear madam, do you expect my pet to gain for herself a bright future?" my father asked, in return.

"She has extraordinary vocal talents—talents which must be fostered, Mr. Clareborough!" the actress responded. "The dear little creature has in that throat of hers a mine of wealth."

My father shook his head sadly, and unbidden tears started up into his kind eyes.

"Mrs. Honeyvale," he said, trying to keep steady his voice while speaking to her, "are you aware what sum I carry away from the treasury each week?"

"No, Mr. Clareborough, I am not," she replied, very gently, a slight flush crimsoning her usually pale cheeks.

"I have five children—heaven bless them all!" he went on, his accents hoarse with emotion; "besides a wife not over strong, Mrs. Honeyvale; and they have all to exist on—Well, now, guess on how much!"

"I cannot, really!" she answered, in some confusion, playing with the fastening of her delicately-tinted kid glove, on which my father's eyes, following the direction of hers, became suddenly fixed.

"It weekly costs you more, dear madam, for those French gowns of yours, than I have to support the whole of my large family upon! I have three pounds a week, and am compelled, for the credit of my profession, to be always dressed like a gentleman!"

Mrs. Honeyvale burst into tears; and, drawing off her gloves, threw them on the sofa by her side. On the actress's fingers were thrown many a valuable jewel, one of which she impulsively removed, and held out to my father, saying, "Dear sir, I am one of the most thoughtless women in all creation! This ring is worth eighty sovereigns—it will realize as much for you! Take it, I beg, with the sincere sympathy of your friend, Bella Honeyvale!"

My father sat with his clasped hands across his knees, his whole face quivering and ruby-red. All the poor actor's pride was aroused for a moment; but a feeling of gratitude of a sudden gushing into his breast, the pride wisely retreated, and he was himself again.

"Ah, you will not take my gift, Mr. Clareborough? I have offended you by the offer of this trifle. Don't speak; I know I

"Not a word, Mr. Clareborough," said Mrs. Honeyvale, blandly, and with the sweetest smile in the world. "I shall make Professor Frederic understand that he must look to Bella Honeyvale for all his tangible rewards in the present undertaking. Therefore, smooth your brow, father of sweet Birdie mine, and prepare my little pet to undergo her course of training at the hands of the German, who is not so full of learning as to forget to have full consideration for his pupil's youthful years."

This little scene between the actress and my father took place in the green-room (the retiring-room for actors and actresses) of Drury Lane Theatre—to which my father was attached at the time—one early winter morn, just before rehearsal.

As Mrs. Honeyvale concluded speaking, the call-boy entered, to summon her on the stage.

"Coming, Brown," nodded she to the call-boy, rising to attend the call.

"Oh, lad! there's the ring," she added, slipping the trinket into my father's hand; "sell it, and get Birdie a piano!"

And with these words the beautiful woman glistened and fluttered out of the room, leaving my poor father confused and distressed by her generosity—generosity so unexpected and truly noble—which he knew not how to repay.

He went home to my mother, his heart full of conflicting sensations, and to her he related all that had passed between Mrs. Honeyvale and himself relative to Mary Clareborough, aged six years. And my mother listened to him, her eyes brimming with salty drops, her bosom heaving with various emotions. As my father finished his narrative, he displayed the ring given him by the benevolent and lovely Mrs. Honeyvale. It was a half-hoop of magnificent diamonds, set in fine gold; my mother said it was the handsomest ring she had ever looked upon.

"And this is Humming-bird's own property, eh, Walter?" uttered his wife, turning the trinket round and round on one of her fingers. "Heaven bless the donor of it, night and day!" she cried, raising her eyes, and speaking in heartfelt tones.

"Amen to that sweet prayer, my dear!" quoted he, greatly moved. "But what is it you would advise in the matter? Is Birdie to be taught as Mrs. Honeyvale recommends?"

"Assuredly she is, Walter," my mother replied, at once



"Birdie has no fortune save her heaven-bestowed one, which she must learn to lay out to interest, and make the best she can of."

Her husband opened a pair of surprised eyes, and she proceeded in a hopeful strain, her face full of animation all the while.

"She was sent to us as a great treasure, Walter: since her birth she has been a source of never-ending joy, and a positive blessing to us! Oh, she will repay you for all your life's disappointments, dear Walter—she will prove to us our pride, the glory of her parents' declining years."

"Declining years, Ellen, love! We are both of us too young, as yet, to speculate upon such. So you are in favour of Mrs. Honeyvale's projects regarding Birdie?"

"In favour of them, Walter? I should indeed be ungrateful to our friend, and unmindful of my child's future welfare also, were I otherwise."

"Mind, Ellen, in accepting this assistance at the hands of Mrs. Honeyvale, we shall be placing ourselves under vast obligations to her."

"Yes, yes! I know all that, Walter. We shall never forget that fact—never forget to bless her name—the name of Birdie's benefactress."

[The next chapter gives us an insight into the necessary work to instruct and bring out a young vocalist; and at the conclusion of the third chapter we have a terrible episode, which we extract:—]

At one o'clock, my father came home from the theatre in a cab, looking much excited and rejoiced.

The sight of a cab at our gate alarmed my mother, who rushed out to ascertain whether her husband had really come home safe and sound. The stage-traps were constantly coming between my mother and her rest.

My father paid the cabman his fare with the air of a duke, and afterwards stalked into the house, with his head erect, his steps firm.

"Walter?" cried his wife, interrogatively, following him in amazement and fear.

"Ellen," he said, turning round, and suddenly taking her in his arms, "I shall have a chance at last of showing the people what I can do! Mr. Charles Hamblyn has had a tiff with the management, and has thrown up his engagement; in consequence of which, I have been notified to 'go on, and do my best,' with the part of Macbeth, to-night, as there is expected to be a full house to see 'Macbeth,' and it would be injudicious to substitute another piece in its stead. Now, you understand all about it, my dearest. Your poor husband's long-waited-for opportunity has at last presented itself, and our fortune's made! I shall astonish them. I feel assured; for I know what I have within me. 'Go on, and do your best with the part, Clareborough!' Mr. Harding, the manager, said to me, with a deep sigh, and a pitying air. 'You say you are familiar with the words?' I know every syllable of Shakespeare's plays, sir—from beginning to end!" was my quick answer. "Ah, well! if you are perfect in the words of the part, Mr. Macbeth will not be much distressed!" And with that encouraging speech, Mr. Harding walked away, thoroughly convinced in his own mind that my Macbeth will be a dead failure—that I shall be goosed off the stage. Now, my dear, you comprehend wherefore I hastened home in a cab (the fare of which was three shillings), and wherefore you see me thus unusually hilarious; because I was desirous of making your heart rejoice with mine, Ellen—because I can have no joy unshared by you!"

My poor mother was in tears. My father's happiness was her happiness—his sorrow her sorrow; and now she was weeping from excess of pleasure at this event, which he deemed the turning-point in the current of their affairs—the entrance to the high-road to fortune.

Unable to contain himself, my father made his way up to Lady Allensby's apartment, in order to communicate to her his news. She comprehended his feelings thoroughly, and earnestly congratulated him, wishing him every success in the business of the approaching evening.

My father thanked her for her sympathy, and then went down to his dinner. Lady Allensby's meals were always carried up to her own room, as she had not yet regained the entire use of her limbs, and could not get up and down stairs.

My mother watched my father's excited ways—not a look of his escaped her,—and remarked that he was eating nothing.

"Walter, you will be ill if you do not eat something," she said, anxiously.

He pushed away his full plate, and shook his head laughingly, saying he couldn't swallow a single morsel.

"Well, then, go to your room, and lie down for a while: an hour's rest will calm your nerves, and prepare you for to-night's work. Now, dearest, my advice, Walter," urged she.

He nodded his head, rose from the table, and, leaving the room, proceeded to his own.

Sitting at the tea-table, three hours after this, I could not help observing my father's haggard looks, and the shaking hand with which he raised the tea-cup to his lips. As at dinner, he eat nothing.

My mother looked at him from time to time: she was full of vague uneasiness, and was wishing the approaching night's business well over.

We were all very silent around that board; some strange feeling, which seemed to oppress the hearts of all, held mute our voices.

"I'd like you to see me act to-night, Ellen," my father said, as he left the table, and prepared to depart.

"I'm too nervous about you, Walter, to do so," she answered, shaking her head.

"Tut—nonsense!" laughed he, awkwardly. "I'm all right enough, dear Nell! Come with me! Old Bowley, the boxkeeper, will show you away in some quiet corner, where you may sit undisturbed by any one. There now, pop on your bonnet, and come with me."

She did his bidding without another word, and together they passed through the garden in front of house, with my four brothers and sisters and myself at their heels. We were all following our dear father, in order to snatch another kiss from his kind lips.

We watched our parents' loved forms until they were quite out of sight. Flora, my eldest sister (then fifteen years of age), was crying bitterly, and the others were all laughing at her, and calling her "a great nanny." But Flora heeded them not, and creeping into a corner, still proceeded in her tears.

Oh, that terrible night; never—never shall I lose the memory of its horrors! Even now my hand is trembling as I trace these lines, and cold fingers seem to grasp my heart as I recall this mournful period of my early life.

I will relate the tragic incident just as it occurred: too well do I recollect all its painful particulars, for they have been repeated in my presence over and over again, and will never be forgotten by me.

My father was observed to be singularly nervous while he was dressing for his part. Never, at any time, was he very loquacious; but on this particular occasion he was less so than ever, and his whole body was shivering as though he were awe-stricken.

His brother actors who shared the same dressing-room with him, laughed at, and endeavoured to rally him out of his nervousness. But my father made them no reply, but remained entirely silent as before.

Presently the call-boy knocked at the dressing-room door, and bawled out, "Second act, gentlemen! Mr. Clareborough, you're called, sir!"

At this summons, my poor father started up, looking ghastly through his rouge. "Heaven have mercy on me, I am a dead man!" he cried out, clinging suddenly to the back of the chair from which he had just risen. Then, uttering a deep moan, he dropped on the floor never to breathe again.

Soon all was consternation in the theatre, the play was interrupted, doctors were sent for; but none of them could do any good, the vital spark had fled for ever, the poor actor's last speech was said.

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Finish up all arrears of winter work in order to be prepared for the spring. Let all beds intended for bedding-out plants be deeply dug, and manured with leaf mould in preference to dung. Turn over the soil intended for carnations and pinks; give the young plants plenty of air, and keep them clean and moderately dry. Protect hyacinths in severe weather by turning a pot over them. Prepare the soil, and keep dry, for the potting of pansies early in February, as advised last week, and protect seedlings by pressing the earth firmly round their roots. Plant roses in mild weather. See that the stems of polyanthus are not exposed. Place sandy peat or light soil over the rising cones of tulips, as a protection to severe weather.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Protect peas and beans that have made their appearance above ground by dressing the soil gently over them, or stick small bunches of fir or evergreen on each side of the rows. Sow cauliflowers, cabbage, lettuce, &c., in boxes. Cabbage forward enough may be taken up and planted close together in a corner, keeping the ground well stirred between growing crops. The more light and loose the surface of the ground the less will the frost penetrate. Prepare and protect asparagus beds. Thin out carrots and radishes in the hot-bed. Plant early sorts of potatoes if they show any appearance of sprouting.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Continue pruning and nailing wall trees. Destroy moss by a mixture of quicklime, soot, and sulphur, according to previous instructions.

### ALLEGED FENIAN CONSPIRACY TO BURN LONDON.

A CIRCUMSTANCE has occurred at the Custom House which has induced the Commissioners to have recourse to immediate and extraordinary precautions against a possible act of incendiarism. On Friday week an anonymous letter was received at the department, warning them in effect against an attempt to destroy the building by fire, though the precise terms of it have not been allowed publicly to transpire. Upon it also is understood to have been written the word "Fenians" or "Fenianism," which appears to have added to the significance of the message, or, at all events, to have led the authorities the more to act on the defensive. From the first the recent great fire at the London and St. Katherine Docks was attributed to incendiarism, and that seems now, for some reason or other, to have become a settled conviction, though the truth may never be known. Special precautions were taken to guard the Custom House, in Lower Thames-street, from possible danger. In fact, it is now being watched and protected night and day, but especially at night. Ordinarily the building is guarded from without by private watchmen attached to the establishment on the water side, and by the police on the side overlooking Thames-street. There are also private firemen on duty always during the night; but now the service of sixteen watermen belonging to the department are in constant requisition outside the premises—eight in day time, and eight during night, in addition to the ordinary watchmen, and men from the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, who are on special duty at night. The house outside is kept constantly ready, and the entrances to the quay and to the building itself are jealously guarded at all points during night, the sentinels being changed every four hours, while a police gallery is moored off Custom House stairs to prevent any unauthorized access to the building from the river side. These are the special precautions deemed necessary to be taken, and there is the additional safety which the police ordinarily afford from without. It is rumored that recourse has been had to similar precautions at Somerset House.

**HOW TO SEE LONDON.**—There are many ways of seeing London: just according to the taste of the visitor will his steps be led in this or that direction. If, for instance, he be an antiquarian, he will seek the older parts of the City and the East-end; if he be an artist or connoisseur, he will visit the picture exhibitions, and endeavour to obtain admission to the private galleries of rich and noble collectors; if his taste incline to commercial pursuits, he will spend a day at each of the great docks and explore the principal warehouses; if his penchant be for fashionable life, he will go to the parks, squares, and streets of the West-end; if he be a lawyer, he will visit the courts at Westminster and in the City; if he be a politician, he will try to obtain an order of admission to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and will not fail to attend one or two of the political meetings always being held in some one or other part of the metropolis; if he be literary, he will look into the libraries of the British Museum, the London Institution, St. John's College, and other great depositories of books; if he be philanthropically inclined, he will seek acquaintance with the various London charities, and learn something of the Mendicity Society and the Town Missions; if he be medical, he will certainly go to the five royal hospitals and visit the other institutions for the relief of sickness; if his tastes lie in the direction of the drama, he will make a series of after-dark tours to the several theatres; if he be fond of amusements, he will seek the Crystal Palace and the various exhibitions; and whatever be his peculiar leaning in religious matters, he will certainly not fail to visit the churches.—*Routledge's "Shilling Guide to London," by Pardon.*

**MINNIE WARREN IN GREAT PERIL.**—A few evenings ago, during the entertainment given by Tom Thurst and party at the Castle Hall, Taunton, the graceful little Miss Minnie Warren had a narrow escape. She appeared on the stage to take her part in the proceedings, when her dress came in contact with the foot-lights and became instantly on fire. Mr. Woollett, chemist, seeing what had occurred, immediately jumped on the platform, caught the little lady in his arms, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire before she sustained any injury. Fortunately Miss Warren was wearing a silk dress, otherwise the consequences might have been more serious.—*Dorset Chronicle.*

**PASITAREUBA—CLARK'S FAMILY OINTMENT.**—This invaluable preparation, the wonderful properties of which have now for some time been well appreciated by a discerning public, is proved in a thousand instances to have alleviated the diseases and troubles of infancy and childhood. Chafings, rawness, boils, sores, and skin eruptions of every description, scald head, ringworm, chilblains, cuts and bruises, croup and wheezing at the chest, have all in their turn yielded to its judicious and persistent application. Nor is it less efficacious in removing those distressing ailments which weary and dispirit persons of maturer years, whilst its healing, soothing, and palliative qualities recommend it beyond all question, as the great panacea for those obstinate and irritating maladies so frequently attendant on an advanced period of life. Numerous well authenticated instances can be adduced of rapid cures, and permanent relief in severe cases of rheumatism, sprains, white swellings, scalds, gonorrhea, boils, ulcers, bad breasts, ringworms, whitelows, elephantiasis, sorethroat, diphtheria, &c.; rheumatism of the head, lameness, chilblains, corns, defective or in-grown nails, peeling off of the skin of the hands, chapped and cracked lips, wheezing in the throat, or chest, scurvy, kinks, bruises, piles, and fistula, &c., &c. No person, whatever his or her station in life, should be without this Family Ointment, indispensable alike to the traveler, the sportsman, and the householder, to whom its manifold virtues will prove a source of comfort and economy. Sold wholesale by W. CLARK, 75, Baker-street, London, W., and retail by chemists throughout the world, in pots at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each. Agents in every town.—*Advertisement.*

## The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales terminated their visit to the Earl and Countess of Leicester at Holkham, Norfolk, on Saturday. They returned, with their suite, to Sandringham House by the West Norfolk Junction Railway from the Barnham Station.

The marriage of Prince Christian and her Royal Highness the Princess Helena will, it is said, probably take place early in July.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Lieutenant-General Knollys, Major-General Grey, and the Countess of Morton, attended Divine service at Sandringham Church on Sunday. The Rev. G. B. Moxon, B.A., rector, officiated, and preached the sermon.

On Monday, his royal highness, attended by Major-General Grey, left Wollerton for Cambridge, and thence proceeded by the ordinary train on the Newmarket and Bury line to Six-mile Bottom, for a couple of days' shooting with General Hall, at Weston Colville, a distinguished party of sportsmen being invited to meet his royal highness.

Their Royal Highness the Prince and Princess of Wales and suite will honour the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland with a visit to their country seat at Trentham, Stoke-upon-Trent, during next week.

His Serene Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the intended husband of Princess Helena, arrived in England on Monday afternoon. The prince crossed the Channel from Calais in the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company's mail steamer Maid of Kent (Captain Pittcock), specially despatched.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

In the natural course of things as the season advances members of the time-honoured "Institution" will muster in greater force day by day. Market operations have been unusually quiet of late, but notwithstanding the general dullness there are occasional instances of genuine commissions being "out." Coming events have been casting their shadows before as regards certain animals for the Derby, conspicuous among which are Rustic, and his rival in the celebrated dead heat for the Champsagne at Doncaster—Redan. The Duke of Beaufort's colt is decidedly increasing in favour both with the public and the inner circle, who are supposed to know, and act upon genuine information. 8 to 1 was obtainable about Lord Lyon to hundreds, and Student was in a still more equivocal position, for although 1,000 to 100 was booked by a veteran commissioner, the bet had been hardly laid before another bold "performer" volunteered a point more, and offered to lay 1,100 to 100 once, or even twice. This set the adherents of the immaculate Rusty stable a-thinking, and the result of their cogitations and surmises was that there was something radically wrong with the son of Oxford. For a long time we have been noting the steady and sure advance of Redan, and we were this afternoon favoured with a spide of his quality according to the estimate of several good judges, who were content at last to take 100 to 6 about Lord St. Vincent's representative. Of the others all that remains to be said is that Janitor was again in great demand, 1,000 to 45 having been taken three times; that Augusta would have been backed for money at 25 to 1; and that Blue Riband was in request at the same price, but that the consoling Wolsey was under a cloud. Closing prices:—

**THE DERBY.**—7 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Rustic (t); 8 to 1 agst Mr. B. Sutton's Lord Lyon (off); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Student (off); 100 to 6 agst Lord St. Vincent's Redan (t and off); 22 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Janitor (t); 22 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Augusta (off); 25 to 1 t; 25 to 1 agst Marquis of Hastings's Blue Riband (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. T. S. Dawson's Stabber (off); 66 to 1 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's Wolsey (off); 5,000 to 50 agst Mr. G. Bryan's Laneret (t); 1,000 to 50 agst Mr. Merry's Primrose (off).

### AQUATICS.

**SCULLERS' RACE FOR £50.**—The first scullers' race for the present year took place on Monday, when again Manchester was represented on the London river in the person of one of its most unknown scullers, although, judging from his performance on this occasion, he will ere long be matched against much better men than he against whom he made his debut. The young man in question is Mark Addy, who has never hitherto rowed a scullers' race save in regattas; but, as a prominent member of the celebrated All-England Bawn crew, who hail from Inky Irwell, he has obtained no small amount of credit. Edward May, of Lambeth, his opponent on this occasion, is, like him, an amateur, and has contended in no less than twenty scullers' races against, for the most part, inferior talent. Success, however, has rarely rewarded his efforts, and the inclination to back Addy at any odds—notwithstanding he had laboured under great disadvantages during training in consequence of family bereavement—showed that it was generally imagined that May's usual bad fortune would attend him. The men had engaged Otken B (Captain Turner) to accompany the race, and the fitness of the weather brought together a large concourse of spectators, amongst whom 9 to 4 was the price laid, and still greater odds were wanted. On board the boat were Messrs. Wilcox and F. G. Barrett, umpires respectively for May and Addy, while Mr. John Ireland, of the London Rowing Club, officiated as referee. May, who won the toss for choice of stations, was waited upon by George Dwyer, and the champion pioneered Addy; the stake being £30 a side, and distance Putney to Barnes. Despite the brightness of the atmosphere, a strong wind was blowing off the Putney bank, which was nearly dead against the men through the next reach, and owing to the recent fall of snow the quantity of land-water out was so great as to successfully check the natural upward tendency of the tide. This was supposed to be in favour of the Manchester man, as resembling in some degree the water upon which he is accustomed to row. However, be that as it may, they were no sooner fairly under way than with a fine long stroke, even longer than May's, although the latter stands seven inches taller, Addy went to the front, and in twenty strokes had cleared his man and taken his water, May's forts being starting, and not staying, it was even thus early apparent that he was out of the race. The difference in the steering adopted by the men induced a belief at one time that May was making up again to his man, but as they rounded the Point, and shortly afterwards made the shot over to the Soap Works, there were six or eight lengths between them. May at times spurred, but was never able to reduce the lead. Stemming the downward rush of the land-water, and making headway against the dead water in Corny Reach, Addy rowed on without faltering, and finally succeeded in winning by 100 yards. The severity of the struggle through the rough water may be judged from the fact that the winner was over thirty-one minutes rowing the distance.

**VERY COMFORTABLE.**—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones, the Dentist, of 129, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no pain.—*Advertisement.*



## Varieties.

SERJANT DAVY had a very large brief, with a fee of two guineas only on the back of it. His client asked him if he had read his brief. He replied with his finger to the fee, and said, "As far as that I have read and for the life of me I can read no farther."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

THE SAME THING, BUT DIFFERENT.—A gentleman having called a ticket-porter to carry a message, asked him his name; he said it was Russell. "And pray," said the gentleman, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honour," said the porter, "I believe they are much alike; but there is a great difference between our coats."

A CLEVER CHILD.—"Is it true, mamma," inquired a little girl, "that a Quaker never takes his hat off?" "It is true, my dear," answered the fond mother. "It is a mark of respect which he thinks he should pay to no man." "But then tell me, mamma," answered the clever child, "how does a Quaker manage when he goes to have his hair cut?"

PETER THE GREAT.—The renowned Czar being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts of law, asked one of the persons about him, "Who all these busy people were, and what they were about?" and being answered, "They are lawyers,"—"Lawyers!" returned he with great vivacity, "why, I have but four in my whole kingdom; and I design to hang two of them as soon as I return home."

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